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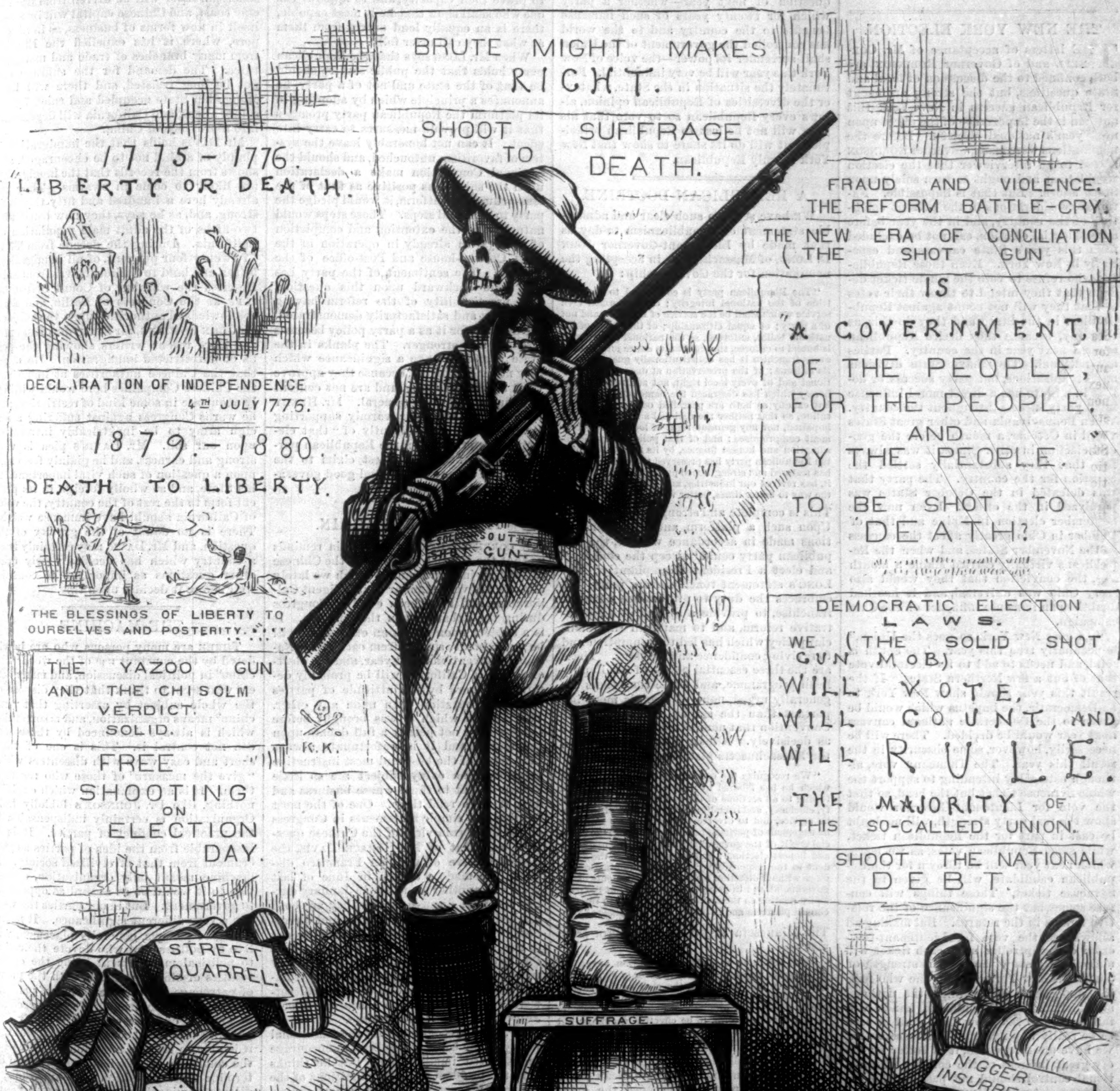

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the continuation of* "GOLDEN-ROD," *a picture showing modes of travel in Central America, and other attractions.*

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THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE letters of acceptance of Mr. CORNELL and of Governor ROBINSON are both confined to the discussion of local and State questions, but the strong argument for Republican success in New York this autumn is the importance of the effect upon next year's national election. Before the nominations were made, Governor ROBINSON stated to an interviewer that the election would turn and ought to turn solely upon State issues. But that is impossible. National considerations in the present condition of the country, and in the year before a Presidential election, can not be excluded from this year's State canvass, and especially in New York. Even those Republicans who refuse to vote the whole ticket declare that they intend to throw their votes so that they will not count against Republicanism in the State, and they do this, as they say, because they desire Republican success next year in the country. Parties are national. They have State divisions and organizations, but party success or defeat in a State has a direct moral influence upon party success throughout the country. When Pennsylvania and other great States voted in October, a month before the general election in other States, it was always felt that they substantially settled the question for the country. The party that was defeated in the October States was paralyzed in the others. Even now the September election in Maine and that of October in Ohio greatly affect the canvass in the November States, and when the Republicans virtually carried Maine a month ago, the conviction that they would also carry Ohio was universal, and it has had doubtless an immense influence on the Ohio campaign.

"As goes New York, so goes the Union," is peculiarly true this year. The South is solid, and needs to add to its electoral vote that of but a few Northern States. If the result this year should show New York to be Democratic, the impetus which would be given to the Democratic national canvass next year would be decided. There will be necessarily, however, some obscurity in the result this year. The Tammany vote, although ostensibly intending to support the whole Syracuse ticket but the head, so that the vote for Lieutenant-Governor would show the real party strength, will no doubt be cast in part for the Republican ticket, while some Republican votes, as we learn, which next year will be thrown for the Republican candidate, will be given to the Syracuse ticket. These things will confuse somewhat the significance of the relative figures in the returns. But making all allowances, the vote for Lieutenant-Governor or Comptroller upon each ticket will undoubtedly show the present strength of parties in New York, and no one who feels the importance of retaining the national administration in Republican hands will fail to vote so that New York shall be seen to be really Republican. For reasons that we have often repeated, it is better for every great interest of the country that national control should not pass to the Democracy. As Mr. HENRY L. PIERCE, an independent Republican who has proved his courage, says, in the letter which we have mentioned elsewhere,

> "The events of the past year, the proceedings in Congress, and the spirit manifested by those who control affairs in the Southern States have clearly shown that the time has not yet come when it is safe to intrust the national government to the Democratic party as now largely constituted and controlled."

Undoubtedly the chief difficulty which the Republican party has to encounter is the assertion that it has misused its power. This, however, is a plea always urged by the opposition, and it is to be met, not by the reply that the Republican party is not so bad as the Democratic, but by showing what it has really accomplished, and what kind of men it delights to honor. These are the only legitimate ways in which a party in power can show that it deserves to be continued in power. To satisfy this test, the Republican party can point to its national Administration, a body of men without fear and without reproach, able, upright, spotless; and to its financial policy, under which taxes have been reduced and specie payments resumed, while confidence and industry are reviving; to its constitutional action in the South; to its actual administrative reforms; and to its clear exposition of national right and duty in the protection of the national franchise. These are the just answers to the assertion that the Republicans have misused their power, and to these is to be added the evidence of a spirit of independence and courage within the party of which the Democratic shows little sign. The Republican party in 1879 is to be judged by its position in 1879, by its national Administration, and by its known principles, character, and traditions. Upon the great question of next year—whether a party which for twenty years of such immense benefits to the country and to the world has controlled the government of the Union shall surrender its power—the voice of New York this year will be very influential. Fortunately the situation in the State, whatever the diversities of Republican opinion, allows every Republican so to vote that his vote will not be lost to Republican principles, but will do its share to show that New York is truly Republican.

A REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

WE have seen no such clear and admirable statement of Republicanism to-day as that made by Lieutenant-Governor JOHN D. LONG, of Massachusetts, in accepting the nomination for the Governorship:

> "The Republican party is committed to the doctrine of the national integrity; of a reformed civil service which shall be the service of the state, and not of a party; of equal citizenship; of the purity of the national ballot, enforced, as the national government is bound to enforce, throughout its entire jurisdiction, every franchise it has constitutionally guaranteed to its citizens; of the preservation at once of every national and of every local right, not according to that heresy which has disgraced the name of State rights, but exactly as both are parcelled out in the Constitution, so that neither the national authority shall be impaired, nor any genuine right of local self-government compromised; and of that policy of specie resumption and honest finance, by its fidelity to which the Republican party has preserved the national faith, has restored and strengthened public and private credit, has revived our industries, and has pointed and led the way to better times, better work, better homes."

This is complete and strong and conclusive. Upon such a platform, and with nominations made in accordance with it, the Republican party could "sweep the country," and elect a President triumphantly. Mr. LONG'S statement touches every point. It embraces the duty to protect the national franchise, to provide a system of administrative reform, and to maintain the financial policy which has led to resumption and to reviving confidence and industry. These are the three essential points of the Republican programme, and while the others are generally urged, none of them is more important than the second, upon which the Convention that nominated Mr. LONG spoke as decisively. Alluding to the President, the Massachusetts platform declares that

> "We recognize the earnestness and sincerity with which he has labored to restore harmony and good feeling to all sections of the country; to secure purity, efficiency, and frugality in every branch of the public service, and to divorce the civil service from the management of partisan politics; to sustain the financial credit of the government, and to insist upon free and honest elections; and we will support the President in the responsibility of making nominations to office without dictation from other departments of the government, and in persistently carrying out the principles relating to the civil service declared in the Cincinnati platform and in his letter of acceptance."

The Minnesota Republican platform says, also:

> "We adhere to the advanced position heretofore taken by the Republican party in favor of civil service reform. A true reform of the civil service should, among other benefits, lead to a reduction in the number of offices, and promote economy. Any measure of civil service reform, to be effective, should be put into the form of a law, and not be left subject to annulment by mere executive authority."

These are all vigorous signs of a steady growth of opinion. The Republican party naturally expresses it, because the great mass of those who hold it are Republicans. The Democrats, indeed, are not wanting in professions of devotion. The New York Democrats declare that they behold with shame and sorrow the dreadful betrayal of administrative reform by the Republicans; and the Minnesota Democrats emphatically say:

> "We favor the genuine reform of the civil service of the country, to the end that honesty and efficiency shall alone be the tests of public employment. Such a reform, to be permanent, should not only be put into the form of a law, but should also include the abolishment of superfluous offices, and such a wholesome reduction of salaries that the expenses of partisan campaigns can not be paid out of the public funds by the indirect method of political assessment upon official incomes."

But upon this question the Republicans lead the way, and it is under Republican administration that the actual steps of reform have been taken. There is undoubtedly outside of political circles, as they are called, among intelligent citizens who are content to vote and nothing more, a rapidly increasing conviction of the wisdom and necessity of a reform which would substitute merit for favor in appointments to non-elective administrative offices. This conviction requires something more of a party platform than the generality that only good men should be appointed to office. No party that we know, and no person, declares that bad men ought to be appointed. The reform is a change of the method of ascertaining who are fit for appointment, and ascertaining in such a way that personal favor can not avail. This is the essence of the reform, and this is what arouses the bitter opposition of political rings and "bosses." They are all loud for appointing only honest and capable men; but when it is proposed to afford an equal chance for all honest men to prove their capacity, and to appoint the one who shall show that he is most capable, there is an equally loud outcry from them at what they call utter folly.

When Mr. LONG says that the Republican party holds that the public service should be that of the state and not of a party, he announces a principle which by adopting in its platform the Republican party promises that it will provide measures to carry into effect. It can not honorably leave the system of favoritism untouched, and should the National Convention make a declaration upon the subject as positive as that of the Massachusetts platform, it would pledge the party to practical steps. Those steps would naturally be the extension and completion of the system already in operation in the chief Custom-house and Post-office of the country. The sentiment of the party has not gone backward upon this question. The practicability of the reform having been fully and satisfactorily demonstrated, the demand for it as a party policy becomes stronger and stronger. The planks in the State platforms have a significance which they never had before, because they approve what is actually doing, and are not content to require virtue in general. Mr. HENRY L. PIERCE in his letter warmly supporting Mr. LONG spoke significantly of "that element of reform within the Republican party which is now its highest claim to the support of those who demand good government."

THE CHINESE AGAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT in California reminds us that the English views upon the Chinese Australian immigration, to which we lately alluded, are very familiar to intelligent Californians, and have been cited in Congress during the debates upon the question. It is a subject upon which an expression will be undoubtedly sought from each of the National Conventions next year, and the electoral vote of California will be probably determined more by the attitude of parties upon this question than upon any other. The form in which it was brought before Congress did not permit a full debate upon the merits, and it is unfortunate always that many of the best and most instructive speeches upon every subject are so little known except to those whose business and duty it is to read them. One of the most forcible and simple statements in Congress of the California view of the Chinese question was that of Mr. HORACE DAVIS, the Representative of the San Francisco district. He made a speech in June of last year, and another short one in January during the final discussion, and they are both marked with the same sincerity and directness. They are not political pleas, except in the large view of the policy which is best for the country. Mr. DAVIS has a hereditary right not only to be heard, but to be trusted, because, although one of the "old settlers" in California, he is a son of "honest JOHN DAVIS," of Massachusetts.

Mr. DAVIS recognizes that the traditional policy of the country has been to encourage unrestricted immigration. But he thinks that the problem and the conditions of the Chinese movement demand a new policy. The European easily blends with the American, but the Asiatic remains an absolute alien. This is a radical difference, and as we have an undoubted right to regulate the coming of strangers, the question is, first, whether the Chinese are a desirable accession; and second, if not, are they likely to come in dangerous numbers. In answering these questions, he says that the movement is not an immigration, it is an invasion of adult males only, without families, shipped under labor contracts, consigned to companies, upon whose books they are enrolled, and who hold them in complete subjection. They do not assimilate with us, and after twenty-five years of intercourse they have made no progress whatever toward association with us. They are practically a state within a state, having a government of their own "inside of ours," and such a mass held in semi-servitude restores in other forms the old and dangerous castes and classes which the war overthrew. Mr. DAVIS points out that the burden falls upon the poorer classes. The new-comers are trained by centuries of want to live in a poverty and to be satisfied with wages which would barbarize our own laboring class. He holds that it is no wiser to leave the question to be settled by competition than for the farmer to leave the grain and the weeds to fight it out in the field, and that the California laborer is entitled to protection as much as the sugar-planter of Louisiana, or the iron-worker of Pennsylvania, or the cotton-spinner of Massachusetts. The objects of republican government are not cheap labor and the accumulation of wealth, but the creation of a prosperous, happy, and united people. Mr. DAVIS contends that if the invasion be not checked, American labor will be driven from the Pacific coast, and Chinese capital will intrench itself in new forms of business, as in Singapore, where it has expelled the English from many branches of trade and manufactures. The demand for the suffrage can not be long resisted, and there will be a Mongolian State occupied and ruled by absolute aliens, and California will degenerate into a province of China.

Mr. DAVIS holds that the immigration is plainly of a kind not to be encouraged, and shows from the records that the immigrants are likely to come in swarms. They are already here a hundred and fifty thousand strong, and, as he says, they now constitute two-fifths of the adult male population of California. During the decade from '67 to '77 twenty-four per cent. of all immigration by sea and land to California was from Asia. He cites the warning of Count SCHOUVALOFF at the Congress of Berlin, and from acknowledged authorities upon the subject, Sir JOHN BOWRING, Sir STAMFORD RUFFLES, and more recent writers, showing the perils of unrestricted immigration. He urges that the Chinese authorities at home and the Chinese Companies here would willingly acquiesce in some kind of restriction, and he warns Congress against suffering a foreign army to be inextricably intrenched upon our soil. Mr. DAVIS'S plea is very strong and earnest, and he plainly feels that upon a question of such vital importance to his State, and so wholly foreign in its present form to the rest of the country, the voice of California should have immense weight. There is no doubt of the gravity of the question, and Mr. DAVIS may certainly trust a country which has decided wisely upon other questions as important to consider well before it decides upon this.

THE MACHINE.

THERE are many persons who are bewildered by the constant use of the word "machine" in political discussion, and many others who seem to think that they dispose of the whole subject by asserting that "machine" means organization, and is something which is always denounced by those who can not control it. This is one of those short and easy ways with dissenters which "give the measure" of those who resort to them. It is an explanation which explains nothing, like Dr. JOHNSON'S loblolly hole. Organization is certainly indispensable in the practical conduct of parties. It is as inseparable from the idea of parties as government from that of civilized society. If machine meant only organization, opposition to it would be as absurd as opposition to government. But in our parties the word has a very different significance. It means a ring of persons, generally placemen, who live by politics, and who devote their time to political management, using the opportunities of official position, with the power of patronage, for the promotion of personal interests and ambitions. In the necessary absorption of most citizens in their own pursuits, this ring becomes so powerful that it is able to require adhesion to its will as the condition of political promotion, to determine the composition of Conventions, to dictate nominations, and to require acquiescence in its action as the "regular" party action and the test of party fidelity.

Undoubtedly the machine acts through the form of a majority, and undoubtedly the majority must decide what the party action shall be. That is not disputed. But the thing to be remembered is that a majority in a party assembly of any kind is not like the majority in a State. Its decisions are simply recommendations. They can not be enforced upon the individual members of the party, who are under no kind of obligation to follow them if they do not approve them. The argument that for the sake of the party object they ought to make the best of action which they do not approve, is met by the consideration that every individual member will decide his duty

for himself, and when he thinks that support of the recommendation will hurt the object of the party more than it will help it, he will not support it. This brings into view the fact that while the majority of a party Convention will undoubtedly determine the regular party action, that majority has duties as well as powers, and the only practical corrective of a tendency to abuse its powers is the consciousness that recommendations will not be followed merely because they are made by a majority. There is, in fact, no other way of controlling what is called the management of a party. In the city of New York, for instance, no Republican can vote for delegates to a State Convention if he is not a member of a Republican association, and he can be such a member only by agreeing in advance to support all "regular" nominations. The consequence is that of some 50,000 Republican voters in the city, about 10,000 are members of the associations. These 10,000, or a few hundreds of them, elect all the city delegation to the State Convention, which proposes to the voters the "regular" party action. Obviously the only way in which the 40,000 voters who have no votes for the Convention can influence its action is by showing from year to year that they will not support it if they do not approve it. An effective showing of this disposition would always remind the machine that majorities have duties as well as rights, and the machine would have to consider not only whether it could control the Convention, but whether the individual voters would ratify its action.

Those who allege that the machine is disestablished should reflect that, although the Administration has undoubtedly disturbed it at some points, the great multitude of places are still filled by the nominees of the old system of personal favoritism, and that among these are many of the most efficient instruments of the machine, who are still loyal to it, and who find ways to serve it. The present system of appointment at the New York Custom-house and Post-office, admirable and effective and successful as it is, is regarded by the machine as temporary nonsense, to be swept away with an Administration which the machine has always detested. This feeling is shared by its agents in the civil service, and in the expectation of speedy relief the machine holds together more tenaciously than ever. The real blow for its disestablishment will be struck when the system of appointment, promotion, and removal which is observed in the New York Custom-house and Post-office is made the rule of the service everywhere. Every reader of *Harper's Weekly* is perfectly familiar with these views, which have been constantly maintained in these columns. It is only at elections that they can be made practical, and some Republicans have proposed to put them into practice at the next election. They have been stigmatized as traitors to their own principles. We do not agree in the justice of this condemnation, and we have said so plainly. We can not all be Republicans in the same way. We have heard the President and the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Interior contemptuously reviled by Republicans as traitors and renegades and turncoats. But we not only think them true and pure Republicans, as we have constantly said, but we think that it is Republicanism like theirs which gives us the prospect of carrying the country next year. It is not independence, but the want of it, which imperils parties, and which has sometimes brought the Republican party near to defeat.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF THE PLOUGH.

IN his late agricultural address ex-Governor SEYMOUR puts in a striking light the comparative advantages of the American farmer. The present prospect of prosperity he attributes rather to the statesmanship of the plough than to the wisdom of legislators or the skill of financiers. But, in turn, the prosperity of agriculture is largely due to inventions, and to commercial facilities for turning produce into money. It is true that production is the basis of wealth, but prosperity springs not from crops only, but from profitable handling of them. The statesmanship of the plough has not always been able to prevent the farmer from burning his corn.

Mr. SEYMOUR calls attention to the fact that the growth of our agriculture is remarked more in Europe than in this country, and the reason is that European sagacity sees that the American farmer is the most dangerous foe of European states. It is because science and art and invention and our immense population and resources have brought our agriculture into immediate competition with that of Europe. Our lands are of low price and of free title, and the high-rented lands in Europe can not compete with them. Heredity, or the European social system, is based upon landed estates. But European lands can not yield great revenues when American lands can be bought for less per acre than the yearly rental in Europe. The only way to retain the European system will be to shut out our products. This is a policy which Mr. SEYMOUR anticipates—a policy, indeed, which, for other reasons, has been begun in Germany.

What, then, will be the result of such exclusion? If Europe refuses to buy of us, her skilled labor will be driven out. Europe must give us her money or her men. But when they cease, they lessen her home markets and increase ours. Rapid progress in Europe is hindered by the fact that its territory "is chopped up into small countries," with differences of manners, languages, and laws, breeding jealousies and hates, and knowledge and improvements are naturally introduced slowly. The contrast of this country in this respect is most obvious. Nowhere is there such facility of every kind of interchange over a vast area, nowhere are invention and toil so richly rewarded. Our agriculture is fast arranging itself into vast departments: the cattle section, the cereal and cotton and dairy sections, with the mineral regions, are all more and more defined, and mutual dependence leads to interest in mutual prosperity. But Mr. SEYMOUR does not feel that our success is to be in any ungracious sense at the cost of the happiness or prosperity of the people of Europe. Our food products will sweep off rent charges from farm toil, and the lower price of land will lift laborers to be owners. The address is full of evidence of the thoughtful observation with which Mr. SEYMOUR contemplates society, and of the sound intelligence which makes his discourses of this kind so valuable and suggestive.

RALLYING ROUND THE FLAG.

THERE was a very touching and interesting ceremony lately in Hartford—the transfer of the eighty flags of the Connecticut regiments that served during the war to their final resting-place in the new State-house. The occasion assembled an immense throng, and amid all the feeling and excitement of the occasion no word was spoken save that of proud remembrance and gratitude. The speech of presentation to the Governor, who received the flags on behalf of the State, was made by General and ex-Governor HAWLEY, and was a model of manly eloquence. We should quote the whole of it, if we had the space, as a striking expression of deep but repressed patriotic feeling. It was fitting that General HAWLEY should be the orator, for he is himself a noble living type of the true Union soldier.

"It can never again be doubted," said the orator, "that the great republic can find millions of defenders in a day of trouble, and millions of blessed women to sustain them. These poor shreds and humble staves, to be glorified in the eyes of future generations, have witnessed the dedication of a continent to justice, equal rights, union, and liberty. We bid them good-by. Thanks be to God, abundant and exulting thanks to the Almighty Father, that we lived in those days, and were permitted to do something toward seeing that the government of, by, and for the people shall not perish from the earth!" This is the universal feeling of the Union soldiers and of those who sustained them. It is a feeling wholly free from asperity and vindictiveness and mere sectionalism, and this not because of success, but of the cause. It is necessary that this should be clearly understood in the Southern States, and that the renewed feeling upon the subject lately observable in politics should be attributed to the real cause, which is the folly of Democratic leaders in re-opening questions which were believed to be settled.

The depth of feeling displayed by the thousands of Connecticut citizens at Hartford was due not only to the natural sentiment of such a day, but to that national loyalty, that loyalty to the nation, which was one of the great and glorious developments of the war. It is a feeling unknown to our earlier history. It had grown up so silently as not to be suspected by the State-sovereignty leaders, but it is now one of the most powerful elements of our political life. It is not hostile to "local self-government," for it rests upon it. It is not consolidation and centralization, for it is truly republican. But it is the foe of sectionalism, of jealousy, of narrowness. It holds that in the Union the rights of every citizen are the concern of all the citizens, and it is the apparent denial of this truth which has reawakened apprehension.

THE SHAYS TAVERN.

THE Shays Rebellion was a more familiar event ninety years ago than it is now. But it was a very exciting and threatening event, and held Western Massachusetts and the New York border in apprehension for many months. There are many local traditions and anecdotes of the rebellion still lingering among the hills; and Mr. GRISWOLD, in his discourse a few weeks ago at the centennial celebration of the incorporation of Buckland, in the valley of the Deerfield, tells one of the amusing stories. When the SHAYS insurgents near Springfield were ordered to disperse, they scoffed and remained; and when a blank volley over their heads did not start them, the soldiers fired into the crowd, and some of the rural recruits fell. One of them, a Buckland boy, said to his father, "Dad, do they fire balls here?" "To be sure," answered the father. "What the devil do you suppose they fire—hasty pudding?" The younger SHAYS soldier had not volunteered for ball-shooting, and he withdrew in haste.

The most interesting relic of the affair is the old tavern in which SHAYS "hatched" his rebellion. It stands near the boundary line of Prescott and Pelham, in Hampshire County, east of the Connecticut Valley. It was built in 1758, and was half a mile from the house of SHAYS. The tavern was a lonely house in a hollow, and was naturally the head-quarters of the popular discontent and discussion of the neighborhood. Many of the huge beams are still sound, and no lath or plaster was used in construction. The great crane with the ancient hooks still hangs in the vast kitchen chimney, according to a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, and dents of the SHAYS muskets are still visible in the rafters of the bar-room. WILLIAM CONKEY, the landlord at the time of the rebellion, died in 1844, at the age of ninety. But during the last dozen years the old building has been little occupied, and is now falling into ruin.

DANIEL SHAYS was not exactly a WAT TYLER, and his rebellion was a feeble movement. But it had a great deal of sympathy, which extended even to the Legislature. The war was followed by much suffering, especially in the rural districts, which was due to the general political and industrial disturbance of the time, and to the worthless paper money that remained after the Revolution. Governor JAMES BOWDOIN wisely and bravely withstood the rebellion, which was more important than it seemed to be in the form of SHAYS and his men. It showed how near anarchy might be, and undoubtedly hastened the formation of the new national government. SHAYS returned to the old tavern after he was defeated, and General LINCOLN followed him as far as Amherst. He subsequently removed to Sparta in New York, and died in 1825, at the age of seventy-eight.

THE NEW LATIN DICTIONARY.

ONE of the most important of the many valuable contributions of American scholarship to the world of learning and science is *Harper's Latin Dictionary*, based on ANDREWS'S well-known edition of FREUND'S work, but revised, enlarged, and in great part rewritten by CHARLTON T. LEWIS, Ph.D., and CHARLES SHORT, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, and published by HARPER & BROTHERS in this country, and by the Clarendon Press in England. Scholars and students in all countries where English is spoken will welcome the publication of this work, not only because it meets a want which has been felt for many years, but also on account of its superb typographical appearance—a feature especially desirable in a work the use of which involves constant and close application. The volume is a handsome royal octavo of more than two thousand pages, printed in triple columns. A flexible back allows the pages to lie open flat at any part, and the wide inner margin permits the interior columns to be read as easily as the others. The page is a delight to the eye; and many a student, poring over it by the light of the midnight lamp, will rejoice in the clear type that enables him to pursue a word through its various meanings and applications without fatigue.

For a generation the translation of Freund's Latin-German Dictionary, edited by the late E. A. ANDREWS, LL.D., has been the standard book of reference of its kind for English and American students. The great advances which have been made since its publication in the sciences on which lexicography depends have rendered necessary a thorough revision of this work. The student of to-day requires of his dictionary far more than the scholarship of thirty years ago could furnish; and the present work is the result of a series of earnest efforts by the publishers to meet this demand.

About fifteen years ago Dr. WILLIAM FREUND, the author of the original work, made a careful revision of his dictionary, and supplied about two thousand additions, chiefly in the early pages. The sheets were then placed in the hands of Professor HENRY DRISLER, LL.D., to be edited; but that eminent scholar advised the publishers that a reconstruction of the work was desirable, such as he could not command leisure to make. The sheets were afterward delivered to the present editors, to be used, in combination with all other appropriate sources, in compiling a Latin Dictionary which should meet the requirements of modern scholarship. The result of their labors is a work which commands the admiring approval of learned men who have examined its pages, and which will be equally welcome to the advanced scholar and the college student.

This dictionary, although based on that of Dr. FREUND, is in reality a new work. The credit of the superstructure erected on the foundation laid by the great German lexicographer belongs entirely to the American scholars who have devoted years to the labor of preparing and perfecting it. In its new form the work has met with hearty recognition by English scholars, who acknowledge that it stands without a rival. American scholarship has achieved many triumphs of late years in the arena of philological learning, but in no competition with the scholarship of the Old World has the laurel been more worthily decreed to the New than in this instance.

PERSONAL.

WHENEVER CHARLES READE requires a change of scene, and Albert Gate (his London residence) grows tame, JOHN BROOKER, his faithful servitor of twenty years' standing, gets a telegram, and, presto! his master follows by the next train, to partake of the excellent dinner which, you may be sure, JOHN BROOKER has ordered in the kitchen. In term-time you will not often find him frequenting his college. In the depth of the "long," or the Christmas vacation, a light may be observed in his rooms toward the small hours, and you may catch a glimpse of him as he strides across the grass-plats, immersed in a brown-study. Very characteristic is his burrow in this snug old place. He has five rooms of his own, panelled, large and lofty, with views on the south side of the tower and cloisters, on the north of the deer park and walks. The panels have been scraped, varnished, and their mouldings tastefully gilded. The appointments, too, are antique and handsome. At night these rooms are illumined by countless candles in long candlesticks of yew; and their proprietor will treat you—more especially if you are a stranger to the 'varsity—right hospitably. CHARLES READE is a man of presence everywhere, yet he seems never to show to greater advantage—socially—than when doing the honors of his college.

—Miss BRADDON'S (Mrs. JOHN MAXWELL'S) home—Lichfield House—is described in *Life* as both magnificent and cozy. The drawing-room is the perfection of proportion; its appointments are superb, its walls covered with gems of modern masters. A more attractive salon could scarcely be found, or a house in which hospitality is carried more to the verge of "open house." The writer in *Life* recalls a garden party where most of the guests were celebrities. There was a member of the royal family of France conversing with an affable Queen's Messenger on the subject of bric-à-brac; Mr. SOTHERN, with his cigar; a marquis or so; a brilliant song-writer; the relict of *the* CHARLES DICKENS; and gay men, and lovely women, and a bevy of pretty maidens frocked *à ravir*. In the evening a stage was improvised by the radiant hostess, and a drawing-room comedy was acted with an *abandon* and *verve* almost unknown on the boards. As for things "poculent," an ostrich would have been able to have satisfied himself at Lichfield House, and a camel could have imbibed enough Champagne to render a journey across Sahara quite easy.

—Mr. THOMAS KEARNS appears before the public as a statistician. Mr. THOMAS KEARNS is the purveyor who purchased the lunch-counter privileges at Madison Square Garden during the late walking match, and from it he realized a profit of about $1000 a day. To do this, he sold 3000 sandwiches daily, employing ten men constantly in making them; 400 loaves of bread were used daily, and in the six days 5000 pigs' feet and 6500 sheep's tongues were sold; 60 hams were cut up daily, and 100 pounds of beef; 275 pies were eaten every day, and two barrels of eggs; two barrels of sugar were used in coffee each day; 200 pounds of corned beef, 200 chickens, and 120 gallons of clam chowder were sold. Four men were kept busy making salads. At the bar opposite there were drunk about 200,000 glasses of lager-beer, 15 barrels of liquor, and 18,000 bottles of soda-water.

—Lord BEACONSFIELD has expressed a desire to retire from the Premiership, though willing to remain in the cabinet without office. He wishes his friend of thirty years, Lord Chancellor CAIRNS, to be his successor; but Lord SALISBURY has declared his fixed determination not to serve under him or under any one else, or waive his claim in favor of any one.

—Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, of the *Herald*, who has accompanied ex-President GRANT in his tour around the world, was honored on his arrival at San Francisco by a banquet by the members of the press of that city. Colonel JACKSON, of the *Post*, presided, with Mr. YOUNG on his right, and General GRANT on his left. There were also present General MCDOWELL, Governor IRWIN, Senators SHARON and JONES, Mayor BRYANT, and the best representatives of San Francisco society. It was the first public entertainment at which General GRANT seemed to be perfectly free.

—Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY, president of the Metropolitan Bank, of this city, has quietly presented to the Wesleyan College at Middletown, Connecticut, $50,000, which is especially acceptable to the institution at this particular time.

—Monsignor CAPEL, the distinguished orator and priest, made famous as Monsignor Catesby in DISRAELI'S novel of *Lothair*, is soon to visit the United States, through which he will make an extended tour. A correspondent, speaking of this eloquent gentleman, says: "Monsignor CAPEL is, and has always been, a genuine Catholic and a true servant of the Vatican. He is an accomplished art critic, a mathematician, a polished gentleman, and, in the opinion of MATTHEW ARNOLD, who should be a judge of the matter, the best preacher in, and one of the greatest masters of, the English language. Add to this that he is handsome, affable, and brilliant, and you may guess what an impression he is likely to make when he lands upon the shore of America."

—Bishop PECK, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is quoted as saying, "There is some reason to believe that the old-fashioned camp-meeting will be crucified between two 'improvements'—railroads and recreation."

—The Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, Sir WILLIAM YOUNG, sat with Judge ENDICOTT on the bench of the Supreme Court a few days since, and afterward dined with the judges. He is eighty years of age, and has been Chief Justice for twenty years.

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, the philosopher, is a delicate-looking man, with a fringe of beard around his throat in the style of HORACE GREELEY. He is nearly sixty. Like several literary men—including JOHN HARDY—he received his early education in the office of a civil engineer.

—Mr. GILLETTE, the young Greenback Representative from Iowa, is a partner in a brick factory, and having neglected his business for politics, the other partner has brought suit for a dissolution of the business connection, and says in the complaint, "The said E. H. GILLETTE has absented himself from his place of business, residing part of the time at Washington, D.C., even beyond the jurisdiction of this court, and has applied himself to the interests of the country at large, rather than to the manufacture of brick, tile, etc., by reason of which the said business of said firm has been, and continues to be, unprofitable."

—Of the late Mr. LEONARD MONTEFIORE, whose death we alluded to recently, the London *World* says he was peculiar as being a young man of wealth and position who in these selfish days devoted himself to the moral and intellectual improvement of his less fortunate fellow-creatures. His bright presence made him equally welcome in the salons of the rich and the garrets of the poor, adding lustre by his wit to the one, and bringing comfort by his sympathy to the other. All children loved him, and no wonder; he was such a famous romp, and his fairy tales were so delightful. About Christmas-time he would go far and wide to find story-books for his little friends, and would carefully select those untinged by cruelty or sadness. That his mental endowments were above the average his literary work can testify; but most noteworthy of all was the combination of mind and heart which formed a character so admirable, and makes so deeply felt the loss of LEONARD MONTEFIORE.

DUCK-SHOOTING.—Drawn by Ehrhart.

MOVING TO THE MAIN-LAND.

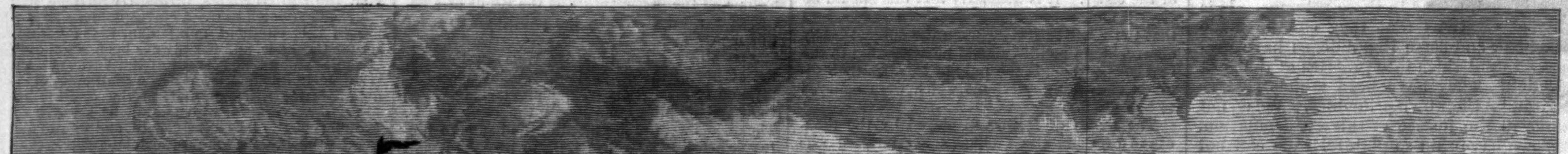
The artist to whom we are indebted for this sketch writes that while out blue-fishing a short time ago, near Barnegat Inlet, he observed a singular looking surf-boat approaching, with reefed mainsail. As it passed he made a hasty sketch. The boat proved to be that of a fisherman who was moving his family and household goods to his home on the main-land, his summer abode on the ocean beach being too much exposed to stormy weather for further occupation this season. Every kind of household stuff imaginable was crowded into the boat, from the cooking stove, on which coffee was boiling, to the dog and the cat. The ducking boat, or "sneak-box," in tow behind, contained the family trunk, or chest, a barrel of charcoal, and a pig in a bag.

THE CITY OF CABOOL.

The founding of Cabool, the capital city of England's treacherous Afghan enemies, is lost in the mists of antiquity. It has its traditions, and there is a common belief that it is a most ancient city. Its age is even given at 6000 years. At the same time it is only a hundred years since Cabool became a capital for the first time. It is affirmed that ten centuries ago, it, together with Ghuznee, was tributary to Bamian, that destroyed city, the gigantic idols and sculptured caves of which still exist to testify to its past magnificence. But before Bamian had fallen under the destroying scourge of the Mongols, Cabool had been severed from it, and in common with most of the adjoining countries had passed into the hands of that far-famed conqueror Mahmoud of Ghuznee.

When the Ghuznivide dynasty fell, Cabool became a possession of the house of Ghor. For more than two centuries after Baber's conquest it was an appanage of the ruler of Delhi, and then it passed into the hands of the Persian conqueror Nadir. The Afghan chief Ahmed, who established himself in the possessions of that great ruler to the east of Persia, acquired Cabool shortly after Candahar, but being a wise man as well as a skillful general, he refused to make any other place his capital than that Candahar which was reverenced by every Durani as the centre of their power. In 1776 Timour Shah, not equally wise, transferred his seat of power to Cabool. When the Sudosye dynasty fell, the Barakzais were not astute enough to see what a favorable opportunity they had for winning over public opinion to their side by restoring the ancient capital. Dost Mohammed perpetuated the blunder of Timour Shah. It remains, perhaps, for some future Afghan chief to repair the mistake past rulers have made on this point.

Apart from its historical associations, Cabool is



BARNEGAT FISHERMAN MOVING TO THE MAIN-LAND FOR THE WINTER.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

THE BALA HISSAR AND CITY OF CABOOL, FROM THE UPPER PART OF THE CITADEL.

a place entitled to considerable attention on account of its trade. More than thirty years ago an English writer called it a most bustling city, and told us that "the noise in the streets in the afternoon was so great that it was impossible to make an attendant hear." The principal articles of commerce are fruit and merchandise from India. An active trade is also carried on with Bokhara and Candahar. There are separate bazars for each trade, and there was a great bazar, called "Chouchut" or "Char Chouk," for the whole city. This has been styled an elegant arcade, being about two hundred yards long and ten yards across. It was blown up by Pollock's orders in 1842, but Dost Mohammed took steps for repairing the damage that was then done. The present edifice is said to have no claim to architectural beauty.

One of the most remarkable sights in Cabool is the public cooking shops, which are very numerous, as few people cook at home. The *kabobs*, or cooked meats of Cabool, are famed far and wide. To these must be added a list of delicacies, in the shape of fruits, sweets, and cooling drinks, that have earned for Cabool an imperishable name as a place where good quarters and good living may be obtained at a very moderate cost. The population of the city is generally estimated at sixty thousand people, and the estimate does not appear too great. The gardens of Cabool are well known for their beauty, and those in particular may be mentioned which are called the Garden of the King Timour and that round the tomb of the Emperor Baber. The latter of these is considered to be the favorite promenade of the towns-people. Burnes and other travellers have discoursed of the beautiful view that is to be obtained from the towers and hills of the city for twenty miles round, and those who have approached it from Jelalabad have told us of the favorable impression it has made upon them after traversing the barren and rugged country of the Khurd-Cabool and Jagdalak passes. Cabool improves, also, on acquaintance, for, except in the wet weather, it is a clean town, and the air is at all times salubrious. It is particularly well suited for Europeans.

Cabool is inclosed on the south and west by rocky hills of considerable altitude. There are walls round the city, but these are in a most dilapidated condition. The defenses of Cabool are contained and summed up in the capacity of Bala Hissar to resist attack, and this is very meagre indeed. The founding of the Bala Hissar is attributed to Baber, but his successors have added greatly to what he commenced. So late as the reign of Aurungzebe extensive vaults were constructed under it, in which that monarch intended placing his treasures. These are yet to be seen. Situated at the eastern extremity of the town, and on the summit of a hill, the Bala Hissar, with its great lawns and lofty buildings, is a conspicuous object enough, and it commands the town as completely as does the Castle of Edinburgh that capital. The Bala Hissar is divided into two portions—a citadel within a fortress. The former is small, and has the capacity to hold only a limited number of men. The main portion of the fortress, however, is large and commodious, and could accommodate a garrison of 5000. Despite, however, its imposing appearance and its elevation above the town—it stands 150 feet above the

plains—the Bala Hissar is in too dilapidated a state to be held for any length of time against an English army. The only occasion on which the Bala Hissar has undergone an assault in modern times was when Dost Mohammed besieged it fifty years ago, and captured it by blowing up one of the towers. In fact, the Bala Hissar has been always held as the royal palace, because it was a place sufficiently strong to resist the seditious risings on the part of the populace, and because it afforded a place of security against any sudden outburst of rebellion. It was also very convenient as a prison-house for rivals or refractory vassals. But as a fortress against the attack of disciplined troops the Bala Hissar is practically incapable of defense.

It was under the walls of Bala Hissar that the terrible tragedy of September 3 occurred. Instead of stationing the English embassy in houses capable of defense in the town, Yakoob Khan had them placed within special quarters of the Royal Gardens in the Bala Hissar. The fact that the accommodations were superior to those that might be had elsewhere appears to have been considered of more consequence than the safety of the English party. Of the two houses assigned to them one was of four stories, the other two, and they were connected by side walls. In the centre there was consequently a spacious quadrangle, and within the compass of this small space the eighty persons who composed the embassy were encamped. But the weak point in the position was that the structure was chiefly of wood. In the interstices there were kiln-baked bricks; but the building, dried under the hot sun of Cabool, was about as combustible as can well be imagined. This knowledge gives a horrible significance to that part of the tale which tells of the Embassy being on fire. The fact that the houses were "by no means uncomfortable," and that they were considered the best in the town, is but a poor argument. That they were in the town—in the midst of a population as violent as religious frenzy and hatred of a foreign race could make them—is all that need be said. The Ameer's thoughts seem to have been exclusively confined to making his guests comfortable; of their safety he appears to have never dreamed. Nor can it be said that his movements, when he learned of the pillaging of his arsenal and the attack on the Embassy, were such as were worthy of a soldier of his reputation. He sent down his general, to be killed; he dispatched his son and the Governor of Cabool to control the mob, but in vain; he himself did nothing. He remained in the Bala Hissar, the one spot of safety in the scene of confusion and disorder.

It is a trite saying that history repeats itself, but it would be difficult to find a more striking illustration of its truth than is afforded by this attack on the British Embassy. We have only to go back to the 2d of November, 1841, to find in the attack on Sir Alexander Burnes an occurrence almost identical with the attack on Sir Louis Cavagnari. As in the present instance, the land had been invaded, and was supposed to be conquered. Dost Mohammed had surrendered, but his son Akbar Khan was engaged in a conspiracy of which the English were not aware until too late. At the beginning of winter, when help from India was impossible, an outbreak took place at Cabool. The fury of the mob became uncontrollable, and Burnes, his brother, and all those who were with him, were cut to pieces. The citadel was attacked. Shah Sujah was made prisoner in his own castle. The encampments were attacked, and the British were compelled to abandon their forts, in which were stored their provisions. In such circumstances resistance implied starvation. The situation was rendered more alarming by the incapacity of the commanders. General Elphinstone was old, infirm, and broken in mind and body. Sir W. Macnaghten seems to have become stupefied by the events which were taking place around him. A new figure happened upon the scene. It was Akbar Khan, the favorite son of Dost Mohammed. Placing himself at the head of the insurgents, he offered to treat with the British on the terms of unconditional surrender. Macnaghten objected, and finally it was agreed that the British troops should quit Afghanistan at once, that Dost Mohammed and his family should be sent back, that Shah Sujah should be allowed to take himself off to India, or where he would, and that some British hostages should be left in Cabool as pledges for the fulfillment of the conditions. In the mean time, and before any portion of this treaty had been carried into effect, another catastrophe had happened. In terms of an appointment Macnaghten went out to the banks of a neighboring river to meet Akbar Khan. They were to be thinly attended. Macnaghten had with him three officers and a small escort. Akbar had a large following of friends and retainers. It was evident that mischief was intended. Almost immediately an altercation ensued. High words were used, and at a given signal the British envoy and his attendants were seized from behind. There was a hand-to-hand struggle between Macnaghten and Akbar, when the latter, snatching from his belt a pistol, shot the envoy through the body. The pistol by which Macnaghten lost his life was, strange to say, one of a pair which the envoy had some time before presented to the assassin. Of the three officers who were with the envoy one was killed on the spot; the two others escaped on Afghan horses. Macnaghten's mutilated body was afterward paraded through the streets.

The massacre just described, as well as the one that England is at present bewailing with such grief, must come under the head of those fearful slaughters which result from the religious fanaticism prevalent among Eastern races. That the embassy was in danger was well known to the Ameer, for he is said to have told Sir Louis Cavagnari that he would be murdered if he rode about so boldly, to which the gallant officer replied: "There are hundreds of other officers ready to take my place." Again, in spite of the sanguine telegrams sent by him to the Viceroy of India, there is abundant ground for believing that the envoy had one warning after another of the fate in store for him. There is also another circumstance which may have had not a little to do with the terrible crime. We learn from dispatches sent earlier from Cabool that from the beginning of the campaign Major Cavagnari's chief assistant in the political department was a man named Bukhtiar Khan, who for some years held a high position in connection with the British embassy at Cabool, and at one time acted as envoy to the court of the Ameer. He, however, was not a *persona grata* to Shere Ali, and made many enemies among the Afghan sirdars. On the death of Shere Ali becoming known, secret negotiations were opened with Yakoob through Bukhtiar Khan, and he finally prevailed on the new Ameer to come to Gandamak. When once in the British camp, Yakoob Khan, who is ignorant of any depth of state-craft, speedily succumbed to the persuasions of the English political officer. The judicious abstention from the use of the word "annexation" soothed the wounded feelings of the conquered and helpless young monarch, who, weak and dispirited from the effects of his long confinement, readily lent himself to any plan which should fix him firmly on the throne, and enable him to dispense with the aid of his whilom jailers, the minions of his father, whom he was perforce compelled to appoint to high offices in the state. Bukhtiar Khan was no friend of these men, and for this very reason he was found acceptable in the sight of Yakoob Khan.

When the British embassy reached Cabool, it found the position occupied by the young Ameer very different from that which he held when at Gandamak. Many of his old adherents had rejoined him; his old Heratee regiments were on the way to Cabool, and he, with true Afghan pride, resolved to brook no interference from the foreigner. During the past summer all Indian papers spoke of the lack of cordiality existing between the embassy and the Ameer, and the fact that all Major Cavagnari's official telegrams abstained from the mention of any unpleasantness in their relations must be accounted for by the sanguine temperament of the English envoy, who would be unlikely to take notice of anything short of open acts of insolence and violence. The sulky dudgeon of a Pathan chief would have no special signification to him. Private letters from the frontier, however, fully bore out the idea that in the person of Bukhtiar Khan Major Cavagnari had a very dangerous assistant, a man who was unscrupulous, and who had a large number of enemies in the city who would be only too ready to league themselves together against him. It is believed that Bukhtiar Khan died a short time before the outbreak under somewhat suspicious circumstances. Being an Afghan well acquainted with the workings of an Oriental court, and possessing a large circle of acquaintances among Pathans of all classes, his presence in the Residency was a source of danger to the conspirators, who must have known him to be a man of a fearless spirit. Shrewd and honest in his way, it would have been difficult to blind Bukhtiar to what was going on around him, still more difficult to have prevented his warning the envoy of any threatened danger. There was but one way to seal his lips; and it is an odd circumstance that his should have been the first death in the little circle which but a few short weeks—nay, days—later fell covered with glory in that gallant defense of the British Residency on the 3d of September.

It is the generally received opinion that whatever may be the faults of Yakoob Khan, he had no complicity in the massacre of the embassy. His culpability was not that of treachery, but of short-sighted indifference. Still, if he had been a traitor to the British cause, he could not have taken a more direct method toward placing Sir Louis Cavagnari and his party in jeopardy. Indeed, the Ameer has throughout shown himself little more than a puppet, swayed in one direction by the English envoy, and in the other by his own ministers. When the time comes for settling the vexed question of Afghan succession, it is quite certain that Yakoob Khan's claims as a strong monarch will be difficult to establish.

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR'S PLEA FOR SMOKING.

As a medical man, I am constantly coming in contact with men who are perfect victims to the abuse of tobacco, whose mind and body are alike suffering from this excess. Such men are a nuisance to society, and take no enjoyment in anything unless tobacco plays a part in the performance. These men think a dinner party a martyrdom, because it means some hours' deprivation of tobacco; a ball is not to be tolerated; a lecture or scientific meeting is an abomination; anything, in short, which may in the least degree interfere with the craved-for pipe is looked upon with aversion. These men begin to smoke immediately after breakfast, often before, and lose no opportunity during the day of indulging, irrespective of place, company, or consideration for others—frequently, indeed, sitting up late into the night to continue their practice. I have met with some strange instances of this bondage to tobacco. A city man that I know gets half an hour for his luncheon or dinner in the middle of the day; but he manages to eat a few biscuits during office hours, and spends his half hour walking up and down one of the quays smoking. This man walks to the city every morning from his home, the distance being three miles; he also walks home every evening, and he smokes incessantly during the walk each way. He dines at six o'clock, and then smokes without ceasing until bed-time. On Sunday he smokes all day, except during meals; he will never attend a place of worship, because it would curtail his smoking. He will never go into society with his wife, and, indeed, will not readily talk to her at home, as it disturbs his smoking. In all other respects this man is a good husband and father. Another acquaintance of mine, who is a highly intellectual and deeply read man, will tolerate nothing that may postpone his smoke. At dinner he is in a perpetual drive to get done, so as to begin his pipe; he wants no pudding, cheese, or dessert; taking these would involve loss of time, and put off the smoking period a few minutes longer. He likewise requires no tea or supper, protesting he is not hungry, and that he does not wish to be disturbed in his smoke. Another man that I know is in a government office, and when the usual public holidays occur, his treat is to lie in bed all day and smoke. The gentleman is married, and always smokes his last pipe in bed.

But is tobacco-smoking, in moderation, detrimental to health? The non-smoker declares the practice injurious, the smoker holds the contrary, and the former calls up the physiologist in support of his case, and no doubt he is a reliable witness. But this same witness will tell you that alcohol is also a poison, and yet the world smokes, and drinks, and lives! Facts must prevail against theories and arguments, and we can not deny the fact that millions of men smoke more or less, and yet maintain the highest standard of health, perform the most fatiguing bodily labor, and are capable of the highest intellectual efforts. The scientific physiologist can not settle this question. It will help us in this investigation if we reflect upon the general effects of smoking: first, upon nations, such as Germany, America, France, or England; secondly, if we take certain classes of men in these countries, such as soldiers; and thirdly, if we examine educated intelligent individuals. There are, I believe, no national statistics available as regards the average duration of life of smokers and non-smokers. It is true, however, that the age of man has not altered since tobacco was introduced in 1492, and, speaking generally, we do not find the average duration of life shorter in Germany or America, where smoking is almost universal, than it is in this country, where still a large number of the population do not smoke. Then, again, if smoking were the dreadful national poison some assert, we should find that women, who do not smoke, had a decided and easily recognized extension of life as compared with men. But such is not the case. The anti-smoker will here again meet you by saying, if the average duration of life be not curtailed by tobacco, you can not deny that it is slightly injurious to health, that it gives rise to a little dyspepsia in all cases, which lowers the general tone of the system, and thus interferes with the highest standards of national health. I do deny this. If it were the case, careful observers would, ere this, have demonstrated that the life of the smoker is not so good as that of the non-smoker. It would be totally impossible for a man day by day, and year by year, to continue in however slight a degree any injurious practice without ultimately paying the penalty in the shape of injured health and shortened life; and if such were the case, our assurance offices would have recognized the fact, and we should have one more question added to their long list of queries for the proposing assurer, viz., "Do you smoke?" As far as one can form an opinion, there is no difference in the duration of adult male life in any country in Europe which can in the slightest degree be traced to smoking; and if we take our own country, where we find smoking habits increasing year by year, instead of any decline in the male longevity, I believe the very contrary to be the fact.

Secondly, if we take groups of men in this or any other country, such as soldiers or sailors, and most carefully investigate their state of health, we shall be unable to discover anything that would lead us to believe that smoking is injurious. Now it is notorious that nearly all sailors and soldiers smoke, yet we do not find that they suffer more from amaurosis, or blindness, than an equal number of the civil population who do not smoke. Nor have I been able to learn that the so-called *smoker's heart*—a form of palpitation—is more common in the army or navy than among the general public. The same may be said about tremor of the hands, and other symptoms which arise from excess in tobacco; while as to any injury to the moral qualities, the German soldiers who fought and won the Franco-German war were smokers almost to a man, and nobody can question their remarkable courage and endurance.

Thirdly, take individuals, and ask sensible, thoughtful men who are smokers whether they have experienced any appreciable injury from the habit, and I believe the answer will be a negative. They will tell you that smoking conduces to the maintenance of *mens sana in corpore sano*. I am aware that men are liable to deceive themselves on such a matter, but I am speaking of men not given to self-deception. Medical men, for instance, smoke very generally, and I have been informed by several that they can do their work more easily, and feel better, if they smoke moderately; but if, from some accidental circumstance, this moderation should, on occasion, degenerate into excess, injurious symptoms follow. Let me quote one or two opinions on the subject. Sir Robert Christison writes, "No well-ascertained ill effects have been shown to result from the habitual practice of tobacco-smoking;" whilst Dr. Richardson says, "Perhaps it is the only luxury not injurious." And Dr. Pereira, one of the greatest writers on therapeutics, remarks: "In habitual smokers the practice, when moderately indulged in, produces that remarkably soothing and tranquillizing effect on the mind which has caused it to be so much adopted by all classes of society." The study of individual smokers must convince any reasonable mind that the practice is not destructive to body and mind, as some assert. Look, for instance at Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke. They smoke continually, and yet they are two of the most remarkable men in Europe. I know that some of our greatest physicians and surgeons smoke, and also that at the bar some of the most distinguished men enjoy their cigars. How, then, can tobacco poison mind and body? I am, of course, asking this question with regard to moderate smoking. No one can be more ready than I am to admit that excess in tobacco is a great evil. But here I may be asked, What is excess? This is, I must say, an extremely difficult question to answer. What may be excess in one man is only moderation in another. There is the greatest difference as to the amount which men smoke. Just as some men can eat a heavy meat meal three times a day, and feel no symptom of indigestion, so there are many men who can smoke large quantities of tobacco without injury. I repeat that we can not exactly define the quantity any man may smoke without deleterious results, but speaking generally, and as the result of considerable observation, I believe that an adult may smoke a couple of ounces of tobacco a week, and feel sure that is not overstepping the boundary of moderation.

The chief danger of smoking is lest this moderation should degenerate into excess. But in this risk tobacco is not much different from other luxuries or indulgences. If this argument is to be used against tobacco, we must also apply it about every habit of man. I readily admit that I have seen many cases of serious injury to health from excessive smoking; but I must also add that I know many instances in which moderate smoking has proved most beneficial. It may, however, be asked, How can tobacco possibly be any advantage to health? The answer to this question is that its beneficial action is through the nervous system. Medical men well know the *sedative* action of alcohol after fatigue or severe mental effort. Just in the same way tobacco acts on some people, but not on all.

Sir James Paget, one of the greatest philosophers in the medical profession, in a recent paper writes: "Considering how largely our nature has been changed from that state" (the savage state) "by the gradual development of society, and by the various habits, dispositions, and capacities therewith associated, it is in the highest degree probable that with these changes we should have beneficial adjustments of different foods or other means of sustaining us in our work. Among these we may reckon the greater part of the comforts, and of what now seem to be the necessities, of our civilized, that is, our natural, state—such as wheaten bread, potatoes, cultivated fruits, and well-fed meat, and similarly among these we may reckon, unless there be clear reason to the contrary, such drinks as tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks, and, I even venture to think, tobacco, though probably for only much smaller groups of men." I have known men so fatigued after a severe day's work as to be unable to eat food; but only let them smoke for a short while, and then they can eat and enjoy a hearty meal. Again, ask the sportsman who has missed his luncheon, and he will tell you how a pipe of tobacco will lessen the sense of fatigue, and enable him to continue his sport without food for a long time. The power of tobacco to compensate, to a certain extent, the want of food is well known.

Tobacco has also some special advantages for some individuals. For some it acts as an expectorant, and enables many an asthmatic to breathe more comfortably. It is also well known to be of great use in cases of habitual constipation. But I believe it is its qualities as a soother of the overwrought, tired, and worried brain that have made tobacco-smoking so universal in this age of competition and excitement. I have no doubt that mental equilibrium has often been restored by the soothing influence of smoking; excitement and irritability have been calmed, the wear and tear of brain tissue has been diminished, and the mind been rescued from insanity. This is why men smoke; this is the health aspect of tobacco. It is not for the taste or the odor that we smoke, but because of the tranquillizing effect of tobacco on our nervous system; and hence the good of smoking after the day's work is over, mind and body being benefited by a moderate use of tobacco in the evening. "With the constant pipe diffusing its aroma around him, the German philosopher works out the profoundest of his works of thought." I think that smoking, like alcohol, is much more beneficial if not indulged in until the evening, when the work and worry of the day are over. Smoking in the morning, immediately after breakfast, is certainly injurious. The meal has not been digested, the system is still unnourished by the food, and is practically fasting; therefore the heart is very liable to be depressed seriously by the action of the nicotine. I know that smokers say the morning pipe is the nicest of all. It may be so; but all the same it is certainly the one most calculated to hurt the animal economy. As to its being the most enjoyable pipe, this is purely a matter of habit; and just as we have not our dinner appetite in the morning, because we are accustomed to have that meal later in the day, so with this morning smoke: if we postpone smoking until the evening, we shall soon lose the appetite for it in the morning. And here I would enter my strongest protest against smoking among boys, or during adolescence. I agree with Dr. Fothergill, that "tobacco, though a harmless associate for grown men, is a dangerous and seductive acquaintance for boys." All opinions agree that smoking is injurious before the frame is matured. The growing lad should be aware that by his indulgence he may interfere with his development as a robust man. One-and-twenty is quite soon enough for people to begin smoking, if they wish in after-years to derive benefit and not harm from the practice. And for mere boys, between fourteen and twenty, to indulge much in tobacco is

complete folly. I watch with regret the number of youths who pass my house each morning smoking. They have just breakfasted, and are hurrying to the city. They smoke while going to town, and, as I explained above, are still fasting, as far as having received due nourishment from the morning meal is concerned. What happens? Why, this: When they arrive in town they feel depressed, and begin the day with a glass of "bitter," or one of dry sherry. Disastrous results to the health of these foolish youths follow sooner or later, and I promise them they will not be able to say in after-life with Shakspeare:

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

On the other hand, I do not think it well for middle-aged men, who have long been habitual smokers, to discontinue the practice. I believe I have seen evil results ensue. I am inclined to agree in the advice which an eminent Continental physician gave a friend of mine who consulted him, and said he was a great smoker, but had given it up. Dr. Franks advised him to begin again to smoke moderately, "as it was not wise to break with an old friend."

TOURIST VISITORS' BOOKS.

The Visitors' Book lies at the very root of the tourist system, and is not to be reformed away. The "Red Lion" or "Nag's Head" is rechristened "Grand Hotel." The portly landlord is replaced by a German manager; instead of "Boots" in his shirt sleeves, a sleek waiter with an imperfect knowledge of English carries the luggage up stairs; the old bell-pull, which used to come off in the hands of the impetuous, has been taken down, and the sharp ring caused by its electric substitute is varied by the deafening sounds of a huge gong which announces dinner. But the dingy old volume still keeps its place on the hall table, and not even the hotel company, limited, dares to remove it. With infinite variety of expression, its pages all tell the same story. Sometimes the writer imitates the terseness of a telegram: "Good inn; clean, comfortable, cheap." Sometimes the same meaning is expressed in what is known as *Telegraph* style: "We can fully indorse the various encomiums upon the numerous excellences of this little hostelry." Adverse opinions are not to be found, and as it is difficult to believe that no irate tourist has ever committed his wrath to writing, we are perhaps justified in laying on the landlord's shoulders some share of the blame for pages torn out which our host himself casts entirely upon unscrupulous collectors. The object of the landlord in keeping a visitors' book is simple enough; but it is difficult to extract from a tourist the reason of his affection for the volume. He will say that he likes to see whether any of his friends have passed that way; that he wishes to leave his own name for the benefit of any who may come after him; perhaps he takes higher ground, and says that it is only fair to bear witness to the good character of the hotel, and to make suggestions for the benefit of future guests. All this is mere pretense; the real explanation is to be found in the tendency ridiculed by so many writers, from Juvenal to Mark Twain. The literary vanity which most people secretly cherish may be gratified by writing feeble prose or feebler verse in the pages of the visitors' book, and thus the unappreciated genius obtains a certain publicity for thoughts and feelings which would otherwise perish unsung. The practice is harmless, and even entertaining. Now and then some really good lines are to be found among the miscellaneous collection of elegant extracts; more frequently one meets with contributions whose utter absurdity renders them amusing. It is useful, too, as a safety-valve. Had there been an inn in the Forest of Arden, Orlando would no doubt have celebrated his Rosalind's charms in the visitors' book, to the great advantage of the young trees; tablets slung round the neck of the Sphinx might have saved that mysterious animal from being defaced in many languages, from Greek downward. The young lady who has just poured over the page a torrent of superlative adjectives will perhaps abstain from recording her impressions on the walls of the old abbey; and even 'Arry's autographs, scattered broadcast through the book, may possibly figure less prominently than usual in the surrounding scenery.

Foreigners, for the most part, try to express themselves in English. We find that "Count R—— is arrived at here Monday, and liked himself much." The French to be found in the book has, on the other hand, an unmistakably British ring about it; and one can not help thinking that the ladies who compose it are in some way connected with the men who are so very careful to write themselves down "Esquire." The names of two bishops, which happen to occur on opposite pages, are greeted with a perfect outburst of poetic fervor. One bard compares them to two lofty mountains, whose heads reach to heaven, though their footing is in the lake; it would be interesting to know whether the bishops in question made the analogy complete by getting their feet wet during their visit. Another author comments in a lighter vein on the approval which these dignitaries expressed of the inn and all connected with it:

"Two holy bishops have prayed here,
Their episcopal families staid here,
And left you their blessings to see.
And, what's more, they held no disputation,
As they did at the next Convocation,
But Goodwin indorses Magee."

The descriptive and sentimental poetry, besides being rather monotonous, is too long to be quoted in full, while its unity would be lost in mere extracts. A description of a water-fall as "a rocky, twisted, and cascady stream" perhaps deserves notice, and one or two writers are particularly ingenious in their manner of connecting the grandeur of the scenery with the cleanliness of the hotel. One poet has missed the opportunity of a tragic episode, when it was actually in his hands; he begins well:

"M. and L. went up Scawfell,
In spite of every warning;
The slopes were steep, the snows were deep—"

Here are all the materials for a catastrophe after the manner of "Excelsior"; but when we have just reached the critical point, our expectations are dashed to the ground by the anti-climax in the last line:

"And ain't they stiff this morning."

Of other eccentricities indulged in by those who take this opportunity of cultivating their literary powers may be mentioned the facetious trick of altering the meaning of a sentence by adding or crossing out a few letters, the no less jocose practice of putting down together the names of celebrities who could never have been in the same place at the same time, and the beautifully simple *argumentum ad hominem* which consists in writing, "You are a fool," beneath the name of any one with whom the writer disagrees. Such vulgar follies are stupid enough; but no one who is at all tender-hearted can look without pity upon a page which contains the maiden effort of a budding poet. He safely reaches the end of his first and the middle of his second line; but here he comes to a stand-still, apparently unequal to the task of finding a rhyme for "water." The rest of the page is covered with traces of his fruitless struggles, and the work remains a fragment. The author, like Byron's bard at Athens, wisely hides his name: let us hope that, if he ever revisited the scene of his first attempt, he found consolation in the couplet which some philosopher has appended to his unfinished poem:

"'Tain't every man can be a poet,
Any more than a sheep can be a goat."

THE LATE JOSEPH CUSHING, JUN.

Joseph Cushing, Jun., for many years a leading bookseller of Baltimore, Maryland, died suddenly at Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania, on July 6, 1879, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was born December 17, 1806, at Amherst, New Hampshire, and moved with his father, Joseph Cushing, to Baltimore, Maryland, in 1808. In Baltimore his father established himself in the book business, first as Joseph Cushing, then as Cushing & Jewett, and in 1828 as Cushing & Sons. Joseph Cushing was one of the first Board of School Commissioners of Baltimore City, served in the Legislature of Maryland in 1835, and served as President of the Savings-bank of Baltimore from 1837 till his death in 1852. Joseph Cushing, Jun., graduated at Yale College in 1827, and soon afterward engaged in the book business with his father, Joseph Cushing, and his brother, John Cushing, under the firm name of Cushing & Sons. In 1837 the father, Joseph Cushing, retired, and the business was carried on by Joseph Cushing, Jun., and John Cushing, under the name of Cushing & Brother. In 1832 Joseph Cushing, Jun., married Miss Anne Mackenzie, of Baltimore. In 1851 Lewis E. Bailey was admitted into partnership, and the name of the concern changed to Cushings & Bailey. In 1857 John Cushing retired, and Joseph M. Cushing, son of Joseph Cushing, Jun., took his place in the business, the firm name remaining unchanged. In 1873 Joseph Cushing, Jun., retired, leaving the business with Joseph M. Cushing and Lewis E. Bailey, who have since continued it under the style of Cushings & Bailey.

Joseph Cushing, Jun., filled many positions of trust in Baltimore, having been an Elder in the Associate Reformed Church, Manager of the Bible Society, President of the Baltimore Dispensary, Manager of the Peabody Institute, Director in the Merchants' National Bank, and also in the Savings-bank of Baltimore. Mr. Cushing left four children—Joseph M., Wiley E., Sarah P. (wife of Thomas J. Morris, United States District Judge for Maryland), and Anne. The present firm of Cushings & Bailey consists of Joseph M. Cushing and Lewis E. Bailey, and has had a Cushing—grandfather, father, and son—among its members for seventy years, and has carried on its business in the same location for the last forty-two years.

Joseph M. Cushing graduated at Harvard College in 1855, went immediately into his father's store as a clerk, and became a partner in 1857. In every respect he is a worthy descendant of those who have gone before, and being yet a young man, it is not likely that the name will soon disappear from the various interests in which it has so long been prominent. Lewis E. Bailey learned the book business with Little & Brown, of Boston, came to Baltimore as clerk for Cushing & Brother, and some years after, in 1851, became a partner in the firm of Cushings & Bailey. Being thoroughly conversant with the details of business, and at the same time a cultured and most agreeable gentleman, he has contributed much to the present high standing of the firm. The business of this concern is the largest book business south of Philadelphia, and includes a large jobbing trade in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina, in addition to the largest retail business in Baltimore. In all this long career they have never suffered from any financial embarrassment.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Postal statistics recently published, concerning the operations of European establishments, show that the daily work done by the Post-office Department is so enormous that the figures by which it is expressed cease to convey any real impression as to the facts. That more than a thousand million letters are sent through the Post-office every year, in Great Britain and Ireland alone, is a statement which is simply bewildering—the number is too vast to be comprehended. Sir Rowland Hill did indeed set in motion a great machine, which has developed extraordinary and unexpected powers, and become a necessity of the civilized world. What further improvements may be devised none can foretell. The Postal Union already includes well-nigh all civilized countries; an ocean penny postage has for some time been the dream of postal reformers; new departments of various kinds may in time seem to arise naturally in the jurisdiction of the Post-office authorities. The cheap transmission of letters, papers, and parcels is certainly something which all countries will demand as the business of the world increases.

According to the late annual report of the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, there are in the United Kingdom 13,881 post-offices, and during the last fiscal year correspondence of all kinds increased to the extent of four per cent. The number of letters delivered in London forms more than one-fourth of all the letters delivered in the kingdom. In the East Central district, which includes the city proper, about a million letters are included in the first morning delivery every day. The telegraph system, which is now owned by the British government, and managed by the Postal Department, has also extended its operations, the total number of messages forwarded during the year having been 24,459,613. Great Britain, as is well known, has a system of postal savings-banks, and 5,783,527 accounts have been opened since its establishment. The Post-office employs 45,947 persons, of whom 11,488 are engaged exclusively in telegraph work, the staff in London alone being 10,743. From these few details some idea may be gathered of the growth and complications of the postal system devised years ago by Sir Rowland Hill.

The serious loss to Gloucester, Massachusetts, of about $75,000 by the late fire is attributed largely to the lack of good fire apparatus. It might be supposed that past experiences of a similar kind would have led the city to have a sufficient supply of everything needful to subdue a conflagration. Gloucester suffered severely from fire in 1830, in 1864, and again in 1873.

The New York Produce Exchange has voted to buy and sell grain by the Cental System after January 1, 1880.

Greece and Turkey do not come to a comfortable understanding. Warlike preparations are being made on both sides.

Another planet has been discovered by Professor Peters, of Clinton; but new planets are becoming exceedingly common.

The formation of a branch American Fish-cultural Association at the West will extend the area of research in this department of science, and be the means of developing new and useful information. The first meeting was held at Chicago on October 1.

Since the enforcement of the tramp law in Connecticut there has been a marked decrease in the number of prisoners in the jails of that State. It is said that when tramps left the jail just before the law went into operation, they would all ask the most direct route to New York, and when informed, would invariably start in that direction.

The fatal accidents which have so many times occurred to the horses on the Brighton Beach race track have caused Mr. Bergh to give notice that all racing there must cease until the track is put in a suitable condition.

Deadwood, a mining city of Dakota Territory, has been the scene of a fire which has swept away nearly all the business portion of the town. Although future details may modify the accounts which have been received at this time, it is feared that losses will reach not far from $3,000,000. It is stated that between one and two hundred buildings were destroyed, and about two thousand persons rendered homeless. Deadwood has been built up within a very short time, and has a population of about five thousand.

Kiev, an important town in Russia, situated on the right bank of the Dnieper River, has been partly destroyed by fire. While a furious storm was raging on September 3, fire broke out in seven different places in the city. Notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts of the firemen and citizens, the flames were not subdued until the following day. The loss of property was enormous, and many lives were sacrificed. Kiev has a population of 60,000 or 70,000. It contains, among other churches, the Cathedral of St. Sophia, a magnificent structure of the fifteenth century. It also has a large university, founded in 1834.

Late news from the west coast of Africa states that Henry M. Stanley, the famous explorer, and his followers, had arrived at Sierra Leone, from Zanzibar, in the steamer *Albion*. They evidently intend to complete the exploration of the Congo River from that coast. Mr. Stanley, it is reported, gave his name as Swinburne, and invested the expedition with so much mystery and secrecy that at Sierra Leone the steamer *Albion* was in danger of being stopped by the authorities, and Mr. Stanley had to declare himself and his purpose.

It is *skilled* labor for which there is greatest demand in these times. The *Scientific American* mentions that a recent advertisement for twenty-five skilled workmen brought only one application, while two others, one for a book-keeper and another for a clerk, brought 347 and 130 applications respectively.

The annual report of the Postmaster-General for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879, shows that the total number of post-offices existing in this country at that date was 40,872. Since then there has been an increase of 372.

Central Africa is a difficult post for missionaries to reach, as is proved by the experience of a band of six missionaries who sailed from London in March, 1877, for the Tanganyika mission. They hoped to reach Ujiji before the end of the year, but its close found them only 160 miles from the coast. In their journeyings the next year, accompanied by native porters, they met with various disasters: three men belonging to the party were killed by the natives; in December, 1878, they were attacked by an armed band of one hundred natives; two of the missionaries died, but, after many perils, the rest reached Ujiji. At the last news of them they had yet a considerable distance to travel before reaching the station on Lake Tanganyika.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A very ugly gentleman was requested by a beautiful woman to accompany her to a painter's studio, where, having whispered a few words to the artist, she left him, with a promise of presently coming back. The gentleman asked the artist what he was wanted for. "I thought you knew, Sir," replied the painter, "that I am taking that lady's portrait in the character of a saint being tempted by the devil, and that she wishes you to be good enough to sit for the tempter."

"Who's your pastor, my dear?" asked a good old lady from the country, addressing her daughter, who has been living in the city for half a year or so. "Really, mother, I hardly know; I never saw him. He was away on vacation last summer, and now he has started on his lecturing tour for the fall. I hope to get acquainted with him during the winter some time."

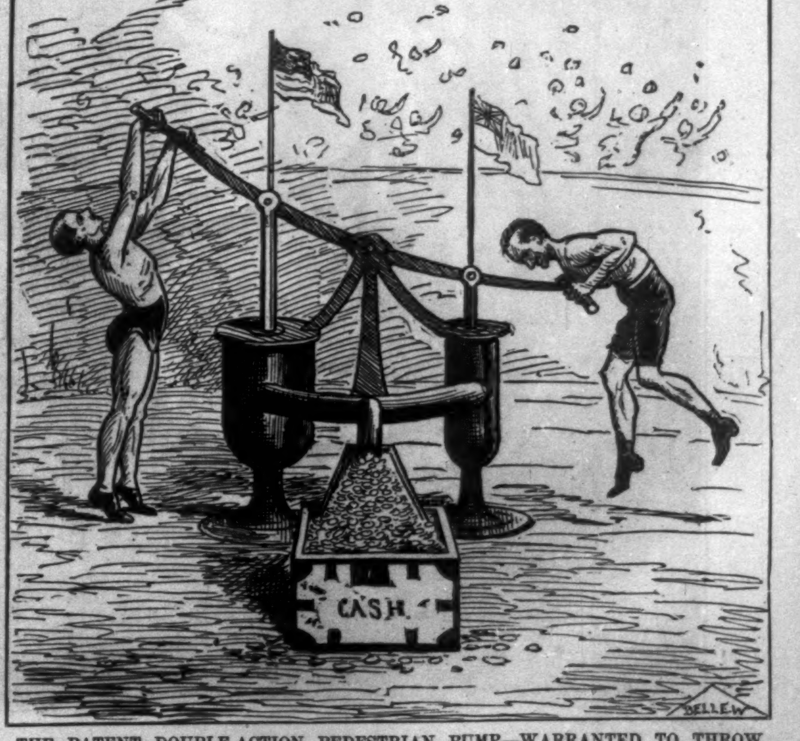
Cedar Falls has a woman who writes for three papers, does all her own work, saws and splits her own wood, and who recently whaled a tramp within an inch of his life because he said she ought to get married.

Autumn leaves will wear the same colors this year as last. The New Orleans *Picayune* says there is no fashionable nonsense about Nature.

A young gentleman advertised for a wife, through the Chicago papers, and received answers from eighteen husbands, saying that he could have theirs.

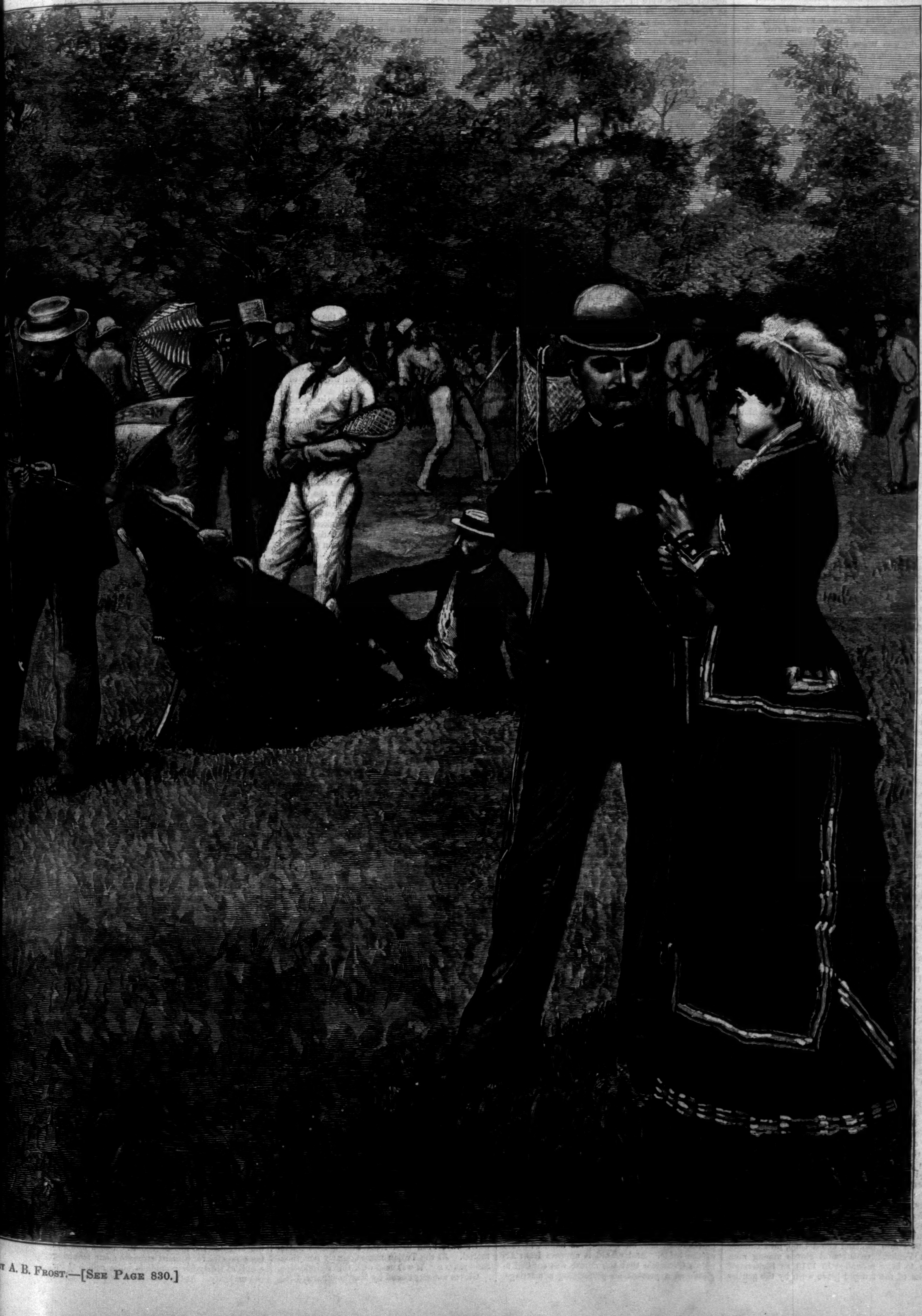
An old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said, "Why, that is a very old anthem; David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied: "Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

Scene: *Augusta's boudoir.*
Lucy (*holding an open letter in her hand*). "Well, you see, dear, I only met him at Mount Desert this summer, and we did flirt desperately; but it's too absurd his writing to me now, and proposing—now isn't it?"
Augusta. "Awfully bold, I think; but then it's just like a man. Shall you accept him?"
Lucy. "Well, I don't know what to do. He don't deserve it; but then he's awfully handsome, and, besides, I really think I would be a good wife. I can make splendid corn bread."



THE PATENT DOUBLE-ACTION PEDESTRIAN PUMP—WARRANTED TO THROW A FORTUNE AT EVERY STROKE.

AN ARCHERY MEETING.—D



BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 830.]

THE LARK'S NEST.

THE Jay he builds in the high beech top,
When the spring brings flower and vine;
The Thrush in the maples swings his nest,
The Sparrow-Owl builds in the pine—
Very far up where the fresh winds blow,
And the branches rock them to and fro.

The bright wee Wren in the thorny hedge
Has her shelter of wool and leaves;
And the pilgrim Swallow—kin to man—
Dwelleth under the house-top eaves;
And the Oriole hangs her nest so free
Out on the branch of some lofty tree.

The Raven builds mid the old gray rocks
Of some wild unplanted place;
The Eagle challenges with his shriek
The clouds and the empty space.
But all their chatter and song and mirth
Blend with the noise and the stir of earth.

Only the Lark, with his pure fresh song,
Singeth clear at the angels' gate;
Far, far higher than any bird's nest
He singeth both early and late;
Yea, up in the golden clouds he sings,
With his dewy breast and sun-lit wings.

Yet the Lark builds low in the meadow-grass,
Builds under the blowing wheat:
Many birds' nests are over our heads,
But the lark's is down at our feet—
Down where the children's footsteps trod
The blowing grasses and daisied sod.

CONCERNING GLOVES.

GLOVES, like their near neighbors, shoes, have a history extending into antiquity. Xenophon and Homer speak of them, showing that they must have been in use among the Greeks and Persians from very early times. Pliny the Younger says in one of his Epistles that the amanuensis of the elder Pliny wore gloves in winter lest the severity of the weather should make him lose any time.

The manufacture of gloves has been an important trade in France from early times. In 790, or thereabouts, Charlemagne granted an unlimited right to the abbot and monks of Sithin to make gloves from the skins of the deer they killed. The Council of Aix, circa 820, prohibited the inferior clergy from wearing any but sheepskin gloves. Before this the fathers of the Church had inveighed against the practice of glove-wearing as effeminate. The glovers of Paris constitute a considerable community, having statutes and laws dating back to 1190, which were confirmed, added to, and renewed by Louis the Fourteenth in 1656. The word glove being of Anglo-Saxon origin (Professor Skeat says it is referred to in the poem of Beowulf under the name Glóf), it is conjectured by some that the Saxons introduced the trade of glove-making into England. Gloves do not appear to have been worn in England before the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century, and at that time they were of special German manufacture, as five pairs of gloves formed no small part of the duty paid to Ethelred the Second by a society of German merchants for the protection of their trade in England, which Strutt observes was a proof of their great rarity, and consequent limitation to the most exalted personages. Gloves were not generally worn in England until the fourteenth century, when they became popular with the better classes, who carried them in their hands, according to Fairholt; but not until the sixteenth century do we find constant allusion to them.

Edward the Fourth granted in 1464 armorial bearings to the glovers, and appears from entries in his wardrobe expenses to have been a liberal patron of the trade. Glovers were first incorporated in Scotland, the company of glovers of Perth dating back to the reign of Robert the Third of Scotland (1390 to 1406). In London they were incorporated in the reign of Charles the First, who in 1638 granted them a charter, the arms of the company being those granted in 1464 by Edward the Fourth. In England the principal seats of the glove trade have been Worcester (from 1571), Woodstock, Hexham, York, Hereford, Ludlow, and Yeovil, at most of which places it has now fallen into decay. Woodstock gloves worth forty-four shillings a pair were presented in 1622 by the University of Cambridge to its chancellor. Foreign gloves were not allowed to be imported into England until 1825.

The tops of men's gloves were sometimes of red leather, the rest being white. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to this in their *Scornful Lady* (1616), the extract affording also an inkling as to the price of gloves at that period:

"Hark you, mistris; what hidden virtue is in this glove that you should bid me weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charm the toothache? Or are these red tops being steept in white wine soluble, will't kill the itch? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare glove of half a crown a pair, 'twill be but halfe a courtesy."

In Ben Jonson's comedy *The New Inne*, Sir Glorious Tipsto speaks of his gloves as "the natives of Madrid." They were highly perfumed, and richly embroidered with gold and silver. Spain and Venice first supplied us with perfumed gloves, the trade having existed in Spain for centuries. Cervantes, in *Don Quixote*, refers to the delicious odors imparted from Spanish gloves, and Shakspeare makes Autolycus, in *A Winter's Tale*, sing of "gloves as sweet as damask roses."

Embroidered and silk-knitted gloves were introduced into England about 1566, first coming from Venice. Ornamental gloves among men seem to have prevailed in 1710, as Bickerstaff speaks of the fringed glove worn by the gentlemen of that period; the fringe and the tops disappeared before the middle of the century, since which time the sterner sex have indulged in little that is ornamental in this way. Highly ornamental gloves were in vogue in England as well as other countries from very early times. Purple gloves set off with pearls and precious stones were anciently deemed ensigns of imperial dignity. In the ancient rituals it was directed that on the occasion of a king's burial fair linen gloves should be placed on his hands, and these were doubtless made with much ornamental addition. The effigies of Henry the Second and Richard the First at Fontevraud show gloves with jewelled backs, and when King John's coffin was opened in 1797 the remains of jewelled gloves were found on his hands, as on the hands of Edward the First when his tomb was opened at Winchester in 1774. In the museum at Saffron Walden a beautifully embroidered glove is preserved, which is said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and to have been given by her on the morning of her execution to one of the Dayrell family. Sir Ashton Lever, whose museum was sold in 1806, had a pair of gloves which were supposed to have belonged to Charles the First. They were of buff leather, the tops fringed with gold twist, and richly embroidered with gold thread and spangles. A pair of gloves which had belonged to James the First, made of crimson silk richly embroidered, and lined with the same colored material, and having the seams covered with gold gimp, were sold in 1842 for two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence.

The diatribes of the early fathers against the use of gloves do not appear to have influenced the Church, as it might be expected they would, for we find that jewelled ones, made of white silk or linen finely embroidered, formed part of the attire of the dignified clergy in early days. Bruno, Bishop of Segni, says they were made of linen because the hands they covered should be chaste, clean, and free from all impurity. Pope Boniface the Eighth had white silk gloves beautifully worked with the needle, and ornamented with a rich border studded with pearls; and those worn by William of Wykeham, still preserved at New College, Oxford, were of red silk, with the sacred monogram surrounded by a glory, and embroidered with gold on the backs. The color of these clerical gloves appears to have changed with the ecclesiastical seasons, but of the date of the origin of wearing them little is known. In the Middle Ages the priest who celebrated mass always wore gloves.

Long kid gloves were introduced in the time of Charles the Second, consequent upon the short sleeves then fashionable for ladies' dresses. Gauntlets were introduced in the reign of Edward the First, and underwent several improvements in succeeding reigns, designed principally for the better protection of the hand, until they fell into disuse with the decline of armor and the progress of modern ideas. It was anciently a popular saying that three kingdoms must contribute to the formation of a good glove: Spain to prepare the leather, France to cut it out, and England to sew it.

In the sixteenth century gloves were given as New-Year's gifts, but owing to their expense being beyond the means of all, money was given instead, hence called "glove-money." Sir Thomas More was presented with a pair filled with fifty angels (a gold coin of the period) by a Mrs. Croaker, whose suit against Lord Arundel had been decided in her favor by the Chancellor. The gloves he accepted, but the "lining," as he quaintly called the money, he requested the lady to bestow elsewhere. As New-Year's gifts, gloves were presented even by kings. Indeed, they appear to have been very popularly used as gifts at all seasons in times past. Queen Elizabeth received an embroidered pair in 1564 from the Earl of Oxford, who was the first to bring that kind to England; and James the First was presented with a very rich pair at Woodstock in 1616 by the University of Oxford, which also made a custom of presenting gloves to distinguished persons on particular occasions. Prynne, on his visit to Archbishop Laud in the Tower in May, 1643, accepted "a fair pair. . . . upon the archbishop's extraordinary pressing importunity." And in the MS. day-book of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, giving the story of her life at Brougham Castle in 1675, there are two entries recording how she gave pairs of gloves to those to whom she wished to show courtesy and kindness. It used to be customary to present a pair of gloves at Easter, as the following from Bishop Hall's Virgidemarium, 1598, shows:

"For Easter gloves, or for a Shrovetide hen,
Which, bought to give, he takes to sell again."

There was a custom formerly prevalent in England of giving servants money on Lammas-day to buy gloves as a token of thanks for services rendered, the term "glove-silver" arising therefrom. Mention is made of it among the ancient customs of the Abbey of St. Edmund, and of the sums given to the servants, varying from a penny to elevenpence. The Portuguese have a proverb on this head expressive of a person's integrity: "He does not wear gloves."

The custom of giving gloves at weddings is of ancient origin, and is, according to the authors of *Lancashire Folk-Lore*, among the relics of Anglo-Saxon or Danish usages. Ben Jonson, in the *Silent Woman*, refers to the practice:

"We see no ensigns of a wedding here,
No character of a bridale:
Where be our skarves and gloves?"

Brand, quoting from Selden, mentions a Belgic custom in which the priest asked the bridegroom for a ring, and, if they could be had, a pair of red gloves with three pieces of silver money in them, which were to be put in the bridegroom's right hand, and joining it with that of the bride, the gloves were left, on loosing the hands, in that of the bride. And of old it appears from Arnold's Chronicle that the curate was entitled to gloves as a present on performing a marriage.

Giving gloves at funerals is also of ancient origin. Pope Leo the First permitted bishops and abbots to wear them on such occasions.

In Tanner's MSS. there is recorded a Privy Council held at Whitehall on October 23, 1678, at which mention was made of a custom at the consecration of all bishops of their making a present of gloves to all who came to the consecration dinner, and others, and the great expense consequent thereon. His Majesty in council directed that in future each bishop before consecration should pay a sum of fifty pounds instead, to be applied to the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was not to consecrate any bishop until he had paid the money.

One of the best and most widely known customs connected with gloves is the presentation of a white pair on the occasion of a maiden assize, or judicial sitting, to the judge or other administrator of the law who presides. The origin of the custom is involved in much doubt, and various conjectures have been made regarding it. Mr. W. J. Thoms is of opinion that it may be traced to a Germanic source. In a dedication "to the impartiall judges of his Majestie's bench, my Lord Chief Justice, and his other three honourable assistants," quoted in a book written by Clavell, a pardoned highwayman, we find:

"Those pardon'd men, who taste their prince's loves,
(As married to new life) do give you gloves."

From which it has been inferred that these gloves were anciently given to the judges by prisoners who were pardoned after condemnation. Now it is customary for a judge or magistrate to be presented with a white pair by one of the officers in the court, should there be no prisoners for trial. In 1856 Lord Campbell was presented at a Lent maiden assize at Lincoln with a pair of white gloves, beautifully embroidered and ornamented with Brussels lace, and having the city arms embossed in frosted silver on the back of each glove.

A present of gloves to the judges in olden times was part of a ceremony for obtaining a reversal of a sentence of outlawry, the defendant having besides to appear in person, and implore the judges' favor to reverse the sentence. A Sir John Bell had his sentence of outlawry thus reversed in 1464, "and he paid the fees of gloves to the court, two dozen for the officers of the court (for these in all four shillings), and in addition three pairs of furred gloves for the three judges there." In the Middle Ages neither judges nor counsel were allowed to wear gloves in court.

The glove was anciently used as a token of investiture in a bestowal of lands and dignities, and two bishops were put in possession of their sees in 1002 by each receiving a glove. Before the Revolution it was customary in France for the archbishop to bless a pair of gloves at the king's coronation, and present them to him as an emblem of secure possession. The Duke of Norfolk, as lord of the manor of Worksop, at the installation of a monarch of the realm at Westminster Abbey, presents him with a right-hand glove, which the king puts on. The manor is held in capite by the royal service of finding the king a right-hand glove at his coronation.

It was considered discourteous in Spain to wear gloves in the presence of royalty, and this idea was once prevalent also in England. It is said that Charles the Fourth, King of Spain, was so much under the influence of any lady who wore white kid gloves that the use of them at court was strictly prohibited. This story may account for the first idea mentioned in this paragraph.

A curious picture is that given by Shakspeare in *Coriolanus*, where the matrons of Rome fling gloves upon the hero on his entry into the imperial city, as we now throw flowers upon any popular personage who is considered worthy the honor. Another curious custom is that referred to by Gay:

"Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd, with smacking lips, the snoring lout;
For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

Sir Walter Scott calls the glove "a sign of irrefragable faith," and it has from the earliest times been considered a token of honor. Thus in *Timon of Athens*:

Second Senator. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honor else.....
Alcibiades. Then there's my glove.

To wear a glove on the hat or cap was an ancient custom, says a writer in *Archæologia*, "on three distinct occasions, namely, as a favor of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy." Several instances of gloves being worn as favors are given by Shakspeare. And says Hall, the chronicler, in describing a tournament of the reign of Henry the Eighth, "one ware on his head-piece his lady's sleeve, another the glove of his dearlyng." And Scott, "with favor in his crest, or glove, memorial of his ladye-love." It was considered a degradation to be deprived of the glove, and Walsingham says that among the indignities heaped on the Earl of Carlisle (temp. Edward the Second), condemned to die as a traitor, was the taking off his glove. To be struck with the glove was also a deadly insult; and the young prince, son of Queen Margaret, being captured by Edward the Fourth at the battle of Tewkesbury, 1471, was struck by that monarch on the face with his gauntlet, which was the signal for his death. Biting the glove, too, though mentioned by Shakspeare as a gesture of contempt, seems, on the authority of Sir Walter Scott, to have been the pledge of mortal revenge. The great Scottish bard refers to the custom in this sense in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto six, stanza seven, and has an interesting note on the subject.

As a symbol of defiance the glove or gauntlet has always been used from time almost immemorial. At the Trojan games, nearly one thousand years B.C., it was used with this signification.

Gloves are mentioned by Matthew Paris, 1245, as being used for gages of duel. In Germany they were so used up to the present century. Sir Walter Scott, in several of his works, refers to the glove being used as a symbol of defiance. With this intention it used to be hung up in church as a challenge to an enemy, he that took it down having to fight with the person who hung the glove. Thus in "Rokeby" we read:

"Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,
When, challenging the clans of Tyne
To bring their best my brand to prove,
O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove;
But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,
Held champion meet to take it down."

At the coronation of the English monarchs the champion of England, apparelled as an ancient knight, enters Westminster Hall, where the king is seated, and the herald-at-arms proclaims the challenge, on which the champion throws down his gauntlet, which, having lain a short time, is taken up by the herald and returned to the champion. It is thrown down a second time after the herald has made a proclamation, and the king then drinks to the health of the champion and presents him the cup, after which he takes up his gauntlet and retires.

Gloves at fairs may seem very ordinary articles of merchandise, but those we proceed to refer to may, we think, be considered otherwise. The opening of the Trinity Fair at Southampton is performed by the mayor, who causes to be erected a pole with a large glove fixed to the top of it, and the fair is dissolved by the mayor giving orders that the pole and glove be taken down. At Exeter, according to Hone, the charter for the Lammas Fair is perpetuated by a glove of immense size, stuffed, and carried through the city on a very long decorated pole, attended with music, parish beadles, and the mobility. It is afterward placed on the top of the Guildhall, and then the fair commences, and when it is taken down, the fair terminates. At Chester a glove used to be hung out from the town-hall during fair time, and strangers as well as citizens were then at liberty to practice free trade in the city, and during the continuance of this privilege debtors were safe from the visits of the sheriff's officer. This practice of hanging out the glove at fairs is (or was) prevalent in Macclesfield, Portsmouth, Liverpool, Barnstaple, and Newport, Isle of Wight, and doubtless many more towns; and in some of these places the Chester privilege regarding the sheriff's officer is granted. Any free mart or market was legally established in times past by the king sending a glove as a token of his approval.

AN ARCHERY MEETING.

OUR double-page illustration depicts a scene as full of pleasant excitement as can be imagined. Ladies and gentlemen are here met in friendly contest for prizes, to be won not by any feat of strength or endurance, but by the skillful exercise of quick eyes and fingers, the use of which in archery can only be brought to perfection by practice and strict attention to certain fixed rules, which are as conducive to health as to success in this sport.

It is only within a year or so that archery has become at all popular with us, but now clubs have been organized, or are in the course of formation, all over the States. The rising generation are to be congratulated on this fact, for there is no out-door sport more healthy than is the use of the weapon which made the bare-headed, scantily clothed peasantry of England more than a match for the mail-clad warriors of Crécy and Agincourt.

Nowhere is a graceful form seen to greater advantage than in archery, and in no sport are graceful motions more conducive to success than in this. An ungraceful archer is certain to be a poor shot, however well he or she may succeed with a rifle or a pistol. An archer must stand square on the feet, with the shoulders set squarely back from the hips, while the head must be steadily but not stiffly turned toward the object of aim.

Archery can be and is practiced by old and young alike, neither having the advantage. As a matter of fact, the writer of this knows a lad of eleven years, who, after three months' practice, sent into a regulation target, at thirty-six yards' distance, ninety-six arrows out of one hundred and twenty-four, scoring twelve golds; and at the meeting of the Eastern Archery Association, held at Boston a few weeks since, one of the most successful of the contestants was a gentleman, the president of a bank in one of the interior towns of this State, who at the next anniversary of his birth will score seventy years: this veteran carried off two prizes. The captain of the team winning the first prize on the same occasion by the highest score is a gentleman of nearly threescore years, better known as a literary than a sporting man. This gentleman, whose sedentary habits were telling on his constitution, was induced to join a club of archers for the benefit of his health, and the result has been most beneficial: the money formerly paid for medical advice and drugs has been expended for a bow and a few arrows. Weighing ten pounds less than at the beginning of the season, he has gained one inch and a quarter in the girth of his chest. The reasons are obvious: every time the bow is pulled to its full tension, the chest *must* be thrown out, and a breath of fresh air inhaled, while the exercise of walking to and fro forty to sixty yards, after the discharge of three to six arrows, is very considerable.

So much has been lately published in these columns and in the *Bazar* with regard to the equipment necessary for an archer that there is little necessity for adding anything here; we would only give a word or two of caution to the many who will, we hope, soon be standing before the target. Do not overdo it. Use a bow not too powerful for present strength; one requiring a pull of thirty-five pounds is quite sufficient for the majority. At the meeting before referred to,

the most successful were those who did not ambitiously overtax their strength in this respect.

We have not yet attempted in this part of the country to compete with the English long ranges of eighty and a hundred yards, and any such endeavor would for the present be the reverse of beneficial. Unlike rifle-shooting, success in archery depends very little upon the artistic or correct finish of the weapon. We have seen a stick and a string in the hands of a correctly poised body sending plain unadorned arrows with certain aim into the centre of a target not touched by the winged messengers sent off from an Aldred or Highfield fifty-dollar bow.

MADDY GASCAR AND THE PROFESSOR.

"SOPHRONIA MARIA JEWETT! What do you think? I am going to the Summer School!" And Miss Madelon Jasper, irreverently nicknamed Maddy Gascar by her big brothers, burst upon her friend with the vim of a sky-rocket.

"The Summer School? what is that?" said Miss Sophronia, slowly.

"Oh, don't you know?" cried Maddy, talking very fast, her words tumbling over each other like elves playing leap-frog. "At Dolville there is a school of languages for six weeks of the summer, and everybody goes, old and young, and teachers and children, all mixed up in a bag, studying in the same classes by the new method, the natural method, you know, that Mr. Sauveur introduced in this country, though he says it was really invented by Cicero—I mean to call him Kickero, by-the-way, when I get to Dolville; and Miss Hepzibah Elliston is going, so father will put me under her care, and I

"'Feel just as happy as a big sunflower
That nods and sways in the breezes;
My heart is as light—'"

"Madelon! you will wake the baby! Never mind singing just now. Let us converse rationally. You are really going to Dolville?"

"As surely as Troy fell," said the young girl, gayly.

"I approve of the plan," said Sophronia, after a pause of solemn thought.

"That's good," cried Maddy, waltzing round the room, with her long red plaits flying out like hilarious kite tails.

These two girls were great friends, and proved very fairly the assertion sometimes made by cynics that friendship is an affair of streets. They had always been close neighbors and thrown much together; they were too dissimilar to have chosen each other from any law of affinity. Both were motherless, Sophronia the oldest of her family, and Maddy the youngest of the Jaspers, and the only girl. Now whether it was the breezy influence of her half-dozen brothers, or the wise teaching of her scholarly father, or just an ordering of "Nature, the kind old nurse," I can't say, but certain it is that Maddy seemed of a finer grain than her friend. A sweet, honest, healthy creature she was, fond of romping and riding and laughing, with fun and fire enough in her for a dozen ordinary girls, and twice as much innocence as any one of them.

What Sophronia was originally no one could say; she had read so many novels that she had lost her chance of gaining an individuality. She was like the "jedge's daughter," who

"read
Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she read
them abed."

At school her desk was the abiding-place of tear-splashed volumes, whose contents she devoured in sweet stolen snatches; during her practicing hour a paper-back novel would be spread open on the music rack, and her fingers wandered over the keys in strange discords as her soul roved after her hero; when she went out for a walk she took some tale of blood under her arm—she was as fond of blood in her novels as if they had been race-horses—and huddled herself under some convenient tree to weep and read until twilight came, and she could not see another word, even with her nose pressed against the page. The result of all this was that Miss Sophronia was a young lady of a pasty complexion, red eyelids, and uncertain toilet. Still she was a good girl, on the whole, and extremely fond of Maddy, which reconciled Mr. Jasper to an intimacy he did not wholly approve.

"My dear Madelon," said Sophronia, "what a chance it will be for you!"

"So it will," cried Maddy, with vivacity. "I think it will be no end of fun to hear them teaching Greek by the natural method—actually talking it, you know; perhaps making jokes: fancy joking in Greek!"

"There has been too much Greek in your life already. Your father has drilled you in the deceased languages as if you had been a boy."

"Yes," said Miss Maddy, complacently, "I am as good a Greek scholar as Alf himself."

"Too much learning," pronounced Sophronia, "impairs to a certain degree the delicacy—the superfineness, so to speak—that should distinguish the female character. No, Madelon, the chance I meant was not that of cramming more Greek into your head, but of seeing the world, of meeting heroes. Who knows? You may encounter *your fate*."

"Pooh!" said Maddy Gascar; but for all that a little red stole into her cheeks.

"Some day I shall have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds,
And to him I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds."

So sang the sweetest innocent ever born from a poet's brain. Maddy was sixteen; and sixteen has its dreams, blind, soft, and faintly fluttering as young birds just waking in their nest. Besides, it was not without effect that Madelon had so long been the intimate friend of Miss Sophronia Jewett.

"In those classic halls," sighed that young lady, "will congregate the gifted from every State in our broad land—fiery-eyed students, fascinating professors—"

"Fascinating!" cried Maddy, with a burst of laughter. "Papa is a professor, and good and splendid and everything that he ought to be; but you can't say that he is fascinating, or that he looks like anybody's fate."

"No; one can hardly think of a fate with spectacles, and a bald spot on top of his head. Yours, Maddy, must be young and prince-like, with Italia's or sunny Gallia's fire burning in his eyes, the wisdom of the ancients on his lips, a poet—"

"Come, come, Soph," cried her friend; "this fine being would never *look* at me. I am too little, and too red-headed, and too freckled."

"Some authors say that freckles give an air of piquancy, and are very attractive."

"What a piquant thing a turkey egg must be!"

"Well, Madelon, your looks are not bad really. I dare say they will call your hair golden, and you can powder your face. How about your clothes?"

"Oh, I have a lot of white sacques and things. My best silk is out at the elbows. I laughed in my sleeves until I burst them."

Sophronia passed by this bold stroke of wit as irrelevant, and lowering her voice, said, impressively, "Madelon Jasper, I will lend you my chain bracelets."

"Oh!" cried Maddy, "you sweet thing!"

These bracelets were a precious possession, and the sincere admiration of both girls. Mr. Jewett had bought them in New York, and presented them to his daughter on her seventeenth birthday, nearly a year before. They were a man's purchase, gorgeous and fine, and absurdly unfitted for a young girl; but Sophronia always spoke of them as the comfort of her life, and Maddy appreciated the generosity of her offer.

"But I shouldn't dare to take them," she said, breathlessly.

"Oh, you must!" and Sophronia arose with unusual alertness to get the bracelets, which were soon slipped on Maddy's slender wrists.

"They will give you an air of elegance that nobody can resist," she declared.

Maddy held out faintly, but ended by yielding to her friend's persistency with a pretty burst of gratitude.

"Now, Madelon Jasper," said Sophronia, "I only want you to make me one promise—to tell me everything that happens—all about your conquests and adventures and flirtations."

"I cross my heart that I will not have a secret from you," cried Maddy, with the fervor of youth; "but I'm sure to come back like the knife-grinder, with no story to tell. I should just as soon have a white elephant on my hands as a real conquest; and as for flirting, you know perfectly well, Sophronia, that I *can't*."

"Oh, it is easy enough. A trick of the eyelashes, the hero calls it in that last book I lent you—*The Fair Rosamunda*. Don't you remember?"

"Ye-e-s," said Maddy, doubtfully.

"At any rate, this will be a good time to learn how," said Sophronia, practically. "You can try your 'prentice hand on the professors. Oh, I could almost envy you! You are like the beautiful young heroine in books who goes out into the world so guileless and charming, and has all sorts of lovely things happen to her. I wish I could go with you; but I can't. I can never do *anything* that I long to do."

"But you have such lovely chain bracelets," said Maddy, consolingly.

The bracelets, however, weighed on Maddy's mind after she reached home, nor was she quite easy in reviewing the conversation with her friend. She wondered what her brothers, who always laughed at Sophronia, and her dear absent-minded father, would say to it all. She felt under a sort of obligation to have something happen in which a hero should figure. She turned hot and cold at the thought of a flirtation. "I don't know how, in the first place," she thought, with an angry shake of her braids. "I believe it is something more than a trick of the eyelashes."

By the time her trunk was packed, however, with the bracelets stowed away under a pile of white skirts, her misgivings were as safely out of sight, and before the tears of parting were fairly wiped away, she had begun to chatter gayly to Miss Elliston. Miss Elliston was a grim maiden lady, tall, dark, and rather fierce-looking, but with a good deal of humor hidden under her precise ways. Maddy, who had heretofore known her only at a distance, and had privately declared her "quite awful," began to think her a nicer companion than her dear Sophronia had been. "Poor precious old Soph never could take a joke," she said to herself. Miss Elliston, on her side, was pleased with the vivacious young girl, and in an agreeable cordiality with each other and all the world they reached Dolville in the dusk of a July afternoon.

"What walks and rides we shall have!" said Miss Elliston, smiling at Maddy, as they drove through the pretty little town nestled among hills like a rose in a hollow of snow-drifts. Pleasant rooms in a pleasant house awaited them; and after a day of rest, and another for putting away their "things" and getting acquainted with their fellow-boarders, the Summer School opened, and, with three hundred and fifty others, they trotted off to attend the inaugural ceremonies.

"'Come the little children
In the morning early,'"

quoted Maddy, mischievously, as she watched the straggling crowd winding along the path that led to the college buildings, standing fair and beautiful on the highest hill in Dolville. Viewed as school-children, they were no doubt what her brother Alf would have called a "rum-looking lot." Prim old maids, small boisterous boys, comfortable married couples, a fashionable girl now and then, who looked bewildered and out of place, and a thin sprinkling of men, who seemed for the most part highly unattractive—such was Maddy's summing up as she sat in the great hall listening to the opening addresses, and glancing about her with quick, observant eyes. It was going to be very interesting, however—that she soon decided; and as time passed on, and she fell into the ways of the new life, she was so enthusiastic as to attract a great deal of kindly attention. As a student she was not a success. She was a home-bred little girl, and had never been to school before, so that the novelty of the large classes, joined to the delightful "natural method" in teaching, made her giddy for a while. She would not join any class, but ran about from one to another like a frivolous bee, undecided as to the flavor of different flowers. One hour you might find her in the Kindergarten room, where a pleasant German girl, with balls and apples and flowers, was coaxing the little ones into the unbroken wilderness of a new tongue; another, she would be a humble listener to the monotonous chanting of the Sanskrit class, consisting of four solemn young men and two pale-browed women, who were going to be missionaries, and whom Maddy regarded with an awful reverence, quite certain that they would some day be eaten. Then she flashed into the Greek class occasionally, and astonished the professor by her cleverness. Nor did Hebrew affright her; and she fairly revelled in Spanish and Italian, enabled to understand fairly all that was said, thanks to the teaching of inimitable and animated gesture.

She had almost forgotten that she was expected to have an adventure; but it was on the way to her, all the same, for fate had taken the matter in hand.

One day in passing the French class room she was attracted by the sound of a musical voice reciting Fontaine's fable, "Les Deux Pigeons." Maddy slipped in, of course, and fixed her eyes on the professor, who was a new-comer apparently, as she had not seen him before. He was a Frenchman, young, and romantic-looking as a stage Romeo. His mustache was long, drooping, and silky; his hair black as night, and slightly curling; his face olive-colored and sad; his eyes dark and fiery, yet soft; his form one that fell into graceful poses as naturally as water runs. Maddy stared at him in honest admiration.

She found every one talking of the new professor after the lesson was over. He was Monsieur Henri Lorelli, and had but just reached Dolville. As a teacher he was said to be incomparably good, and enthusiastic ones declared that a wooden image would learn French under his instructions.

"I think you had better join his class, Madelon," said Miss Elliston; "you know your French is far from good."

"So it is," said Maddy, promptly; "and I'll join his class with all the pleasure in life."

From that time Maddy was punctual in her attendance in one class at least. Monsieur Lorelli soon noticed the earnest little face, and fell into a habit of addressing himself especially to it, after a manner that professors have. He corrected her mistakes with tenderness, he complimented her accent, and directed many expressive looks toward her when the fable under discussion was of a nature that warranted sentimental remarks.

All this was as it should be. Maddy felt herself in some sort a heroine, but was conscious of no special desire for a nearer acquaintance with her hero. But fate and Miss Elliston had decreed that this was to come.

"We are invited over to the hotel this evening," she said one day at dinner, smiling agreeably.

"Invited over to the hotel?" echoed Maddy, somewhat stupidly.

"Why, yes. All the professors are boarding there; and they give a sort of entertainment this evening. Monsieur Lorelli is to read Shakspeare in English. He speaks our language, I understand, as well as his mother-tongue—they are so clever at languages, these foreigners! Mlle. Ségur is to sing; and there will be a German recitation. It promises a little variety in our life, and it will be over before nine o'clock; so if you care to go, my dear child, I will take you."

"I should be enchanted to go," cried Maddy. And then she ran up stairs to put her hair on crimping-pins.

It seemed to the young girl a great occasion. She arrayed herself in her prettiest white muslin, stuck a rose in her braids, and as a last touch put on the magnificent chain bracelets.

The entertainment was a brilliant one. Mlle. Ségur sang in a voice to reach the very stars of Dolville, and the German recitation satisfied with its sound and fury even those to whom it signified nothing. Then came the Shakspearean readings from the gifted young Professor Lorelli. With much facial expression, and an accent to fill the soul with anguish, he gave the grave-digging scene from *Hamlet*, and all the thrilling parts from *Macbeth*. Maddy thought it the finest thing she had ever heard, and flushed and shuddered and thrilled in the most flattering manner. Miss Elliston's enjoyment perhaps was not so keen. At any rate, soon after the beginning of *Macbeth* she was seized with a violent headache, and made up her mind to go home. She looked at Maddy, but how could she tear the child away?

"I could slip out quietly without being noticed," said she to a friend beside whom she was seated; "but what am I to do about Madelon?"

Miss Elliston's friend was a motherly old German lady, and she said at once, "Leave the little one to me, dear Fräulein. I will see that she gets home safely."

So Miss Elliston folded her Arab—instead of her tent—and wrapping it well round her stately form, went out by a side door.

The readings came to an end, and the readers, introduced here and there, made themselves busy as hospitable hosts. Monsieur Lorelli was formally presented to Miss Jasper. He put his hand on his heart, and made such a low bow that she could see the parting in his back hair quite plainly. In fact, such was his humility that Maddy, forgetting her freckles, assumed the airs of a princess, and complimented him on his performance with a pert little air of condescension. He bowed again, and said:

"Mademoiselle, that my poor effort should have found favor in your eyes is enough to render me immortal."

"How pretty!" thought Madelon; "how foreign! That is something to tell Soph."

As he stood talking with her, Madame Beyers, the German lady, who was nice, but not elegant, called out that it was time to start home.

"Have I your gracious permission to accompany you?" said the French monsieur.

"Certainly," responded the German Frau, cheerfully. "There will be quite a party of us going the same way."

So he walked by Maddy's side the short distance between the hotel and her boarding-house. At the gate Madame Beyers bade them good-night, leaving them with only Madame Moon for company, who never makes a crowd, in spite of the old adage.

"Ah, what a night!" cried Maddy, impulsively. "It seems a pity to go in-doors, does it not?"

Monsieur understood this as a sort of challenge. The ways of the American mees were strange to him, and he permitted himself liberties.

"Mademoiselle loves the moonlight," he said, with insinuating sweetness; "and if she would permit me the honor of escorting her to the steps of the church at the end of Pleasant Street, which is an ascent steep she will recall, ah! there ees a a view of the mountains to rravish ze soul. The silver bathes them in its flood—"

"I should like to see a mountain being washed," said Maddy, with a giggle.

"Mademoiselle, it is what your poet calls a joy forever—a sight for all one's life. You *weel* come, I am sure."

"Why, yes," said the young girl, "I should like very much to see this grand sight. Papa always said that it elevated one's soul to look on noble views. And we have *no* views at home. Everything is as flat as a griddle-cake."

(There's no doubt that Maddy's thoughts did not flow into romantic moulds—witness her similes.)

They soon reached the church, and climbing the steps, seated themselves with their faces toward the shining hills.

"How I wish papa and the boys could see this!" said Maddy, after a moment's silence. "It is so beautiful."

"To me," said the professor, "the scene lacks nothing in its completeness. My heart is full. Do you know, mademoiselle, I was led by a dream to come to this town."

"A dream?" repeated Maddy.

"A dream in which a fair angel—a vision more shining than the stars—beckoned me with rosy fingers to come."

"How interesting!" said Miss Jasper.

"Allow me to describe my vision," said the professor, seating himself a few steps below Maddy, and turning his dark eyes upward. "She had a figure, mademoiselle, slender and swaying as a reed on a river's bank, blue and merry eyes, and hair woven like yours in two golden plaits."

"And freckles? Do say she had freckles!" cried Maddy, with a burst of laughter, while to herself she said, "I guess this is flirting."

But she jumped up to go. After all, she did not believe she should like flirting so well as Greek.

The professor, however, had only begun; and as they strolled homeward, his language became more and more like that of Alphonso in *The Fair Rosamunda*. Maddy did not like it, but being only sixteen, was embarrassed. Her admirer's steps dragged as his eloquence increased, and finally, in the midst of a charming outburst of sentiment, he came to a dead halt. They had just reached a large tree that stood at the edge of the narrow path. Leaning against this, the professor stretched his arm to the picket fence opposite, making a bar across the road that she could not pass.

"Let us go on," said she; "it is late."

"Vision of my dreams," cried the professor—there's no doubt that the moonlight had gone to his head—"it is not yet the stroke of nine. Say one kind word to me before this beauteous hour is at an end. I beseech, I implore."

He came a little nearer. He looked volumes—Chinese volumes—of adoration. The wild idea that he meant to kiss her, or to try to, came into Madelon's mind. She glanced hurriedly around her. In the road a belated pig was wandering. She held an apple in her hand.

"See me hit that pig," cried Maddy, and she threw the apple with a nervous aim.

The professor's arm dropped; so did his under jaw. Verily the ways of the American mees were more than ever incomprehensible. The next instant Maddy gave a cry of horror.

"My bracelet!" she exclaimed.

"Qu'avez-vous, mademoiselle? What is ze matter?"

"I meant to throw the apple. The bracelet slipped off and went along with it—Sophronia's bracelet!"

"To throw a bracelet at a pig—a hog!" cried the professor. "My leetle mademoiselle, do you know, if I was your friends, I would say you was demented—what you say?—crazee."

Maddy could have stamped her foot with vexation. This was a fine end to her flirtation—to be called crazy by a little Frenchman!

"It was the apple I threw at the pig," she said, with a sudden hysterical laugh.

"But why, *why*, WHY?" shrieked the professor, his voice rising with every "why."

Then Maddy straightened her small figure, and

looked at him. "To change the subject," said she, coolly.

The professor smote his brow.

"Do run," cried Maddy; "run out to the road, and find the bracelet."

The professor did not run—he walked. He reached the point indicated by Maddy, gazed round him, and called out, tragically, "Bracelet, pig, apple—all is gone," with exactly such a gesture as he used in wailing:

"All my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At—one—fell—swoop."

Madelon took a view of the position. Between the carriage-road and the sidewalk was a sunken space a yard wide or more, overgrown with weeds waist-high, and as thick as rose petals together.

"Of course," said she, as Monsieur Lorelli came back, and stood gloomily at her side, "I threw short, and the apple and pig fell among those weeds."

"The apple—and the pig," he repeated, in a dazed sort of way.

"The apple and the bracelet, I mean, of course," she said, impatiently. "Now the thing for us to do is to plunge in and find them."

"The moon is going down," said he, weakly. "It is dark in ze shadow of ze tree."

"Oh, we can go into this house here and borrow a light."

"*Go into zis house!* But, mademoiselle, *les convenances! les convenances!*"

"What *do* you mean?" said the girl, turning a puzzled face upon him.

She opened the gate and went in, followed by the professor, who staggered slightly as he walked, as if recovering from a blow.

A sleepy old gentleman came to the door, to whom said Maddy, in her fresh young voice: "Will you please lend us a lamp, Sir? I have lost my bracelet somewhere near, and can't see to find it."

He was very sleepy, and not curious. Besides, he was used to the eccentricities of the pupils at the Summer School. So he gave her a great smoking coal-oil lamp, and said, "When you get through, put it inside of the gate, and blow it"—here he yawned widely—"out." Then he shut the door.

"Come on," said Maddy, gayly, to her admirer, who surely had dreamed of no such episode as this. She made him hold the light, and they went into the weeds. Then, O ye gods! as they bent downward, ten thousand thousand mosquitoes rose to meet them with nip and song. Maddy gave a little shriek, and the professor muttered strange oaths between his teeth and below his breath. *And they could not find the bracelet.*

They blew out the lamp at last, and went sadly home.

"I will come to-morrow," said the Frenchman, with wrath in his voice, "and have one of doze zings what makes a lawn all smooz: what you call him?"

"Lawn-mower," said Maddy, weeping.

"Yes, and eet will take de weeds off and leave de bracelet all exposed, naked to de sight."

"And with the pearl clasp mowed off," sobbed Maddy—"Sophronia Maria Jewett's bracelet."

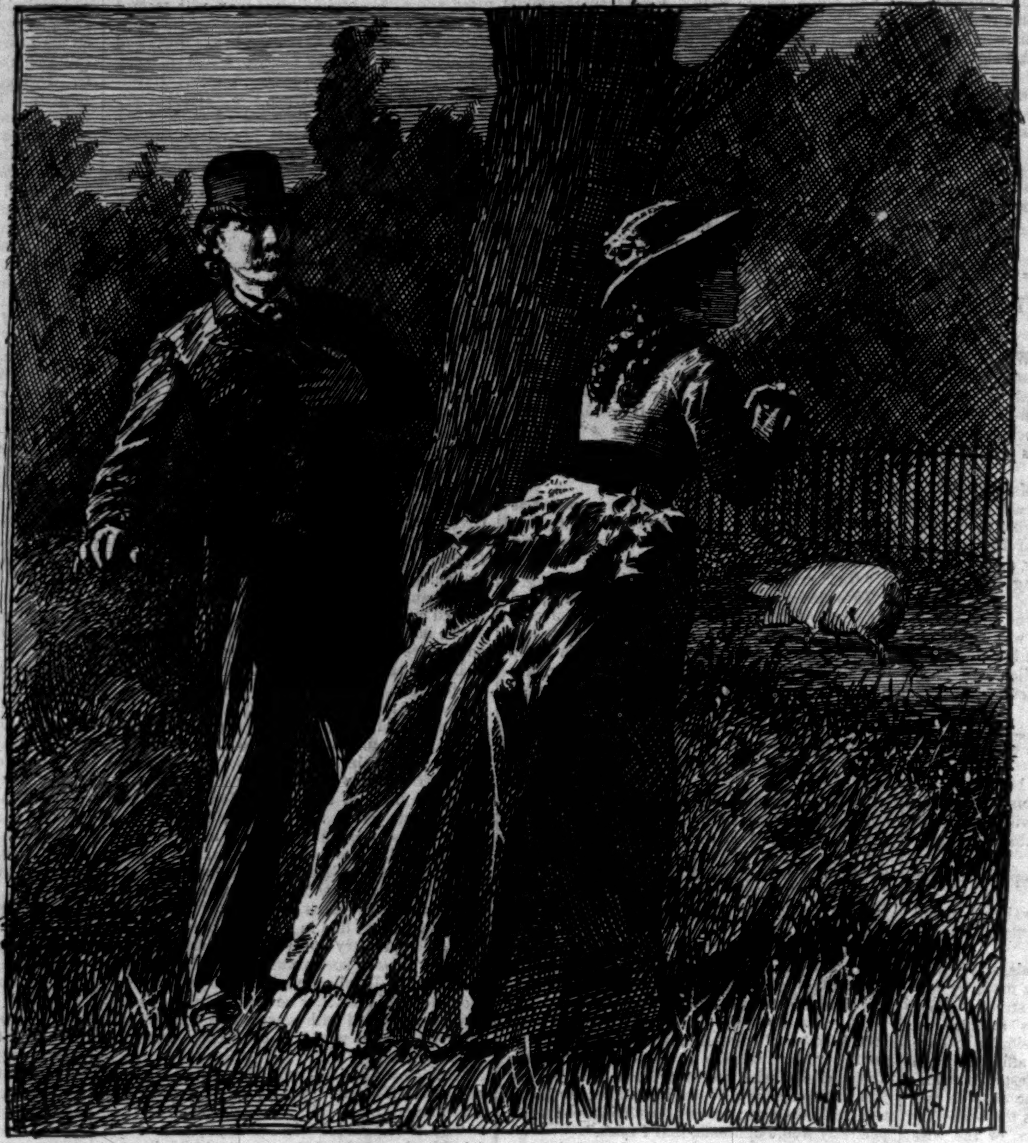
"And everybody in Dolville will hear de story," said the professor. "My class will reedicule me. I shall be laughed out of ze town; I shall have to lose ze salary which was all zat drew me to zis hole of a place."

"Oh, I thought it was a vision," said Maddy, scornfully.

"Mademoiselle, I demand you mille pardons. Zis awful *skerape* has made me lose ze head."

"I believe his English gets worse with every word that he utters," thought Maddy.

In fact, the professor's English was like the knowledge most children have of the multiplication table—very good straight along, but fearfully inexact when the little parrots are confused or thrown off the track. And he had skipped about among emotions at a great rate during the last half hour.



"'MY BRACELET!' SHE EXCLAIMED."—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

They bade each other good-night without any sentiment, and Maddy swiftly made up her mind what to do.

"There's nothing for it," she said, "but to tell Miss Elliston."

She tapped at that lady's door, and found her reading, placid and grim—an image of virtuous suffering, with a wet towel tied round her head.

Entered Maddy, her skirts draggled to her knees, her face pale and dotted with little red spots, weeds clinging to her hair. If it had not been against her principles, Miss Elliston would have been startled.

"Child, where have you been?" she said.

Maddy poured forth the story. Miss Elliston set her lips together, and said not one word.

"I know I've disgraced myself," cried poor Maddy.

"You are not to be trusted."

"Very well," said the girl, impatiently: "punish me; send me home to papa and the boys—do *anything*, if you will only help me about the bracelet. I am so afraid that it has gone in a hole, or that some dreadful boy will come along early in the morning and get it—like the jewel that the cock found, you know—or that old man will steal out in the night and find it, or that the mowing-machine will ruin it. Oh, Miss Elliston, I am almost distracted. What *shall* I do?"

Miss Elliston thought hard, and she always thought to some purpose. "Have you any red or blue string?" she said at last.

"I have yards and yards of red flannel string that I brought with me, thinking I might want to make a kite," said Maddy, between her sobs.

Miss Elliston bit her lips. "Bring it to me," she ordered, "and leave the other bracelet."

Maddy obeyed meekly; and Miss Elliston then sent her off to bed, telling her to be dressed by four o'clock the next morning.

Left to herself, Miss Elliston tied the pieces of red flannel together, laughing silently over her work.

"Poor child!" she said; "I won't send her home. She has had her little lesson."

What with remorse and mosquito bites, the young girl passed a restless night, and it was a very depressed and drooping Maddy Gascar who walked by Miss Elliston's side, in the gray dawn of the next day, to the scene of her evening's exploit.

"Now," said Miss Elliston, grimly, as Maddy paused at the tree, "I want to know exactly the position. Play that I am your noble professor. Place me exactly where he stood, and yourself in your relation to his attitude. We shall have to dispense with the pig."

Burning with blushes, Maddy obeyed Miss Elliston's elegantly phrased command.

"And now," said the lady, handing her a great loose handful of red flannel, to which the other bracelet was tied, "hold the end of the string in one hand, and throw the bracelet as nearly as possible in the direction in which you sent its fellow."

A light broke upon Maddy. "Oh, Miss Elliston!" she cried, rapturously, "how clever you are! Who would have thought of that?"

Miss Elliston was kind enough to smile. "The idea is better than that of the good man who rolled his cheeses down the mountain to find each other," said she, modestly.

Maddy threw the bracelet, rushed into the weeds again, followed the scarlet guide, and, as Miss Elliston had foreseen, found the first bracelet within a yard of where the second had fallen.

She danced home.

"And the professor?" she said, timidly, as Miss Elliston turned to her room.

"Leave him to me," she answered, with her red Indian look, at which Maddy quailed.

Miss Elliston did not go to bed again, but watched the road through her Venetian blinds. She finally had the satisfaction of seeing a melancholy figure of a Frenchman creep along the path and into the weeds, where he struck aimlessly about for half an hour, and then crept back again.

Maddy staid at home that day with a cold in the head. The professor, however, had to go on with his work, which he did with such unwonted dullness that his sympathetic pupils were sure that he must be ill. Miss Elliston watched him complacently, and not until the school was over for the day did she condescend to relieve his dejection.

She walked up to him as he was about to leave.

"The bracelet!" said she, smartly.

He started, flushing and paling under her gaze.

"I was going to get a man—with a machine," he stammered.

"It is found," said she; "and if you will take a bit of advice, Mr. Lorelli, you will not indulge in moonlight walks with children again, nor insult them with your gallantries."

"Insult, madame! I am a man of honor."

"You are not a *man* at all," said the dreadful Miss Elliston. "You are a person hired to teach French. It is just as well to remember your limits, or you may find yourself not absolutely necessary to the Summer School." And Miss Elliston smiled after the manner of one who has influence with "the faculty."

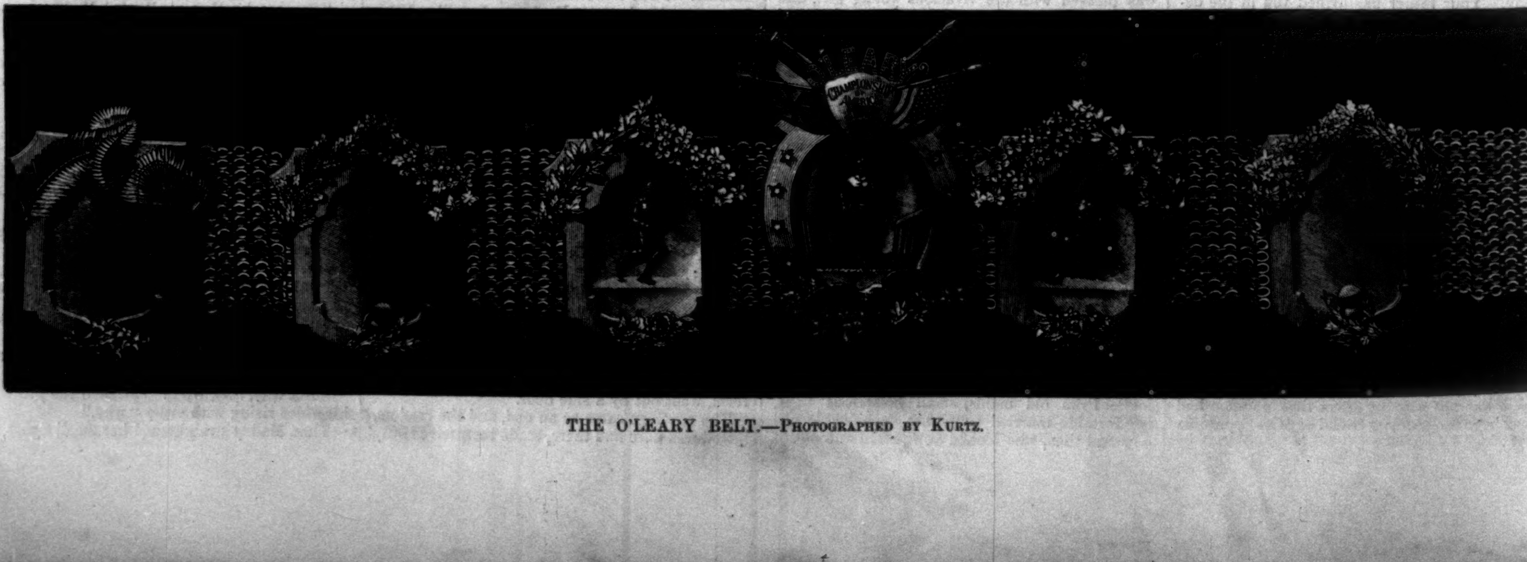
He bowed profoundly, and accepted the lesson. For the rest of the season his conduct was delightfully exemplary; he made love to none of his pupils again, or if he did, it was never found out.

As for Maddy, she had a prosperous and delightful summer; but there were no more flirtations. Indeed, she confided to Sophronia, when she returned the famous bracelets, that she should never, *never* flirt again.

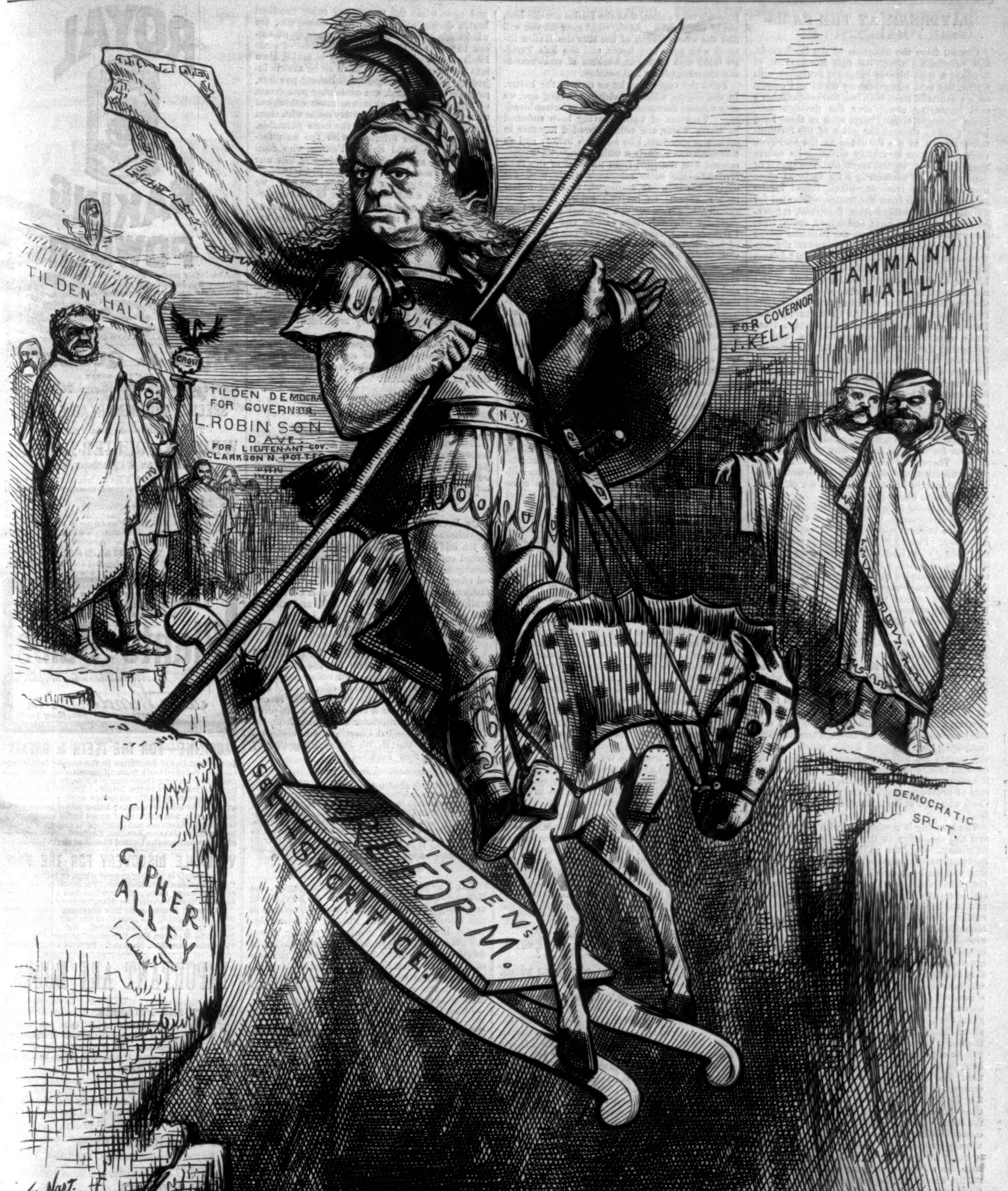
It was a year too soon for *Pinafore*, and Sophronia did not cry, "What! never?" But she shook her head mildly, and said, "At least not until you learn how, Maddy Gascar."

THE O'LEARY BELT.

THE O'LEARY belt, designed and manufactured by BARTENS & RICE, of this city, is far superior in artistic execution and elegance of design to the Sir JOHN ASTLEY belt. It is composed of fifteen chains, each thirty-six inches in length and three and a half inches wide, upon which are placed six medallions. The centre shield is eight inches long and six inches wide, and over it is the name "O'LEARY" in diamonds; underneath is the inscription: "Championship of America, Six-days-go-as-you-please;" below this, on an oval shield in blue enamel, are the national colors of England, France, Ireland, and America. In the centre of the shield is a gold figure representing O'LEARY walking on a tan-bark track. The shield is also surrounded with eight solitaire diamonds in stars, and on the lower part of the shield is an American eagle on branches of laurel leaves, and the words, "Strength and Endurance." The two shields on either side of the centre shield have pedestrian gold figures, one of which is representative of ROWELL'S "jog trot," and the other of a runner. All the shields are bordered with Scotch thistles, American ferns, oak, ivy, and acorns. The material is sterling frosted silver. The belt is valued at about $800. It weighs nine pounds, and has about one hundred pennyweights of gold in its manufacture.



THE O'LEARY BELT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.



DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

"......A vast gulf opened in the" (Democratic) "forum. The seers being consulted, said that the gods forbade this gulf to close till that which Rome" (New York) "held most valuable were thrown into it. Then when the people were asking what this might be, a noble youth, named M. CURTIUS" (C. N. POTTER), "said aloud that Rome's true riches were brave men, that nothing else so worthy could be devoted to the gods. Thus saying, he put on his armor, and mounting his horse, leaped into the gulf; and"—to be continued after the elections.

The Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER acknowledges the receipt of Mr. JACOBS's letter, and says: "I did not seek this nomination. Under ordinary circumstances I should decline it. But at this crisis in the affairs of the party, if it be thought that my name or services can contribute anything to the union or success of the Democracy, I do not feel at liberty to withhold them. I have the honor, therefore, of accepting the nomination tendered me."

DAYBREAK AT THE PARIS MARKETS.

Coming from the direction of the Boulevards, and proceeding along the Rue Montmartre, at daytime a busy hive of industry, swarming with traffic, but now comparatively silent and deserted, we overtake more than one market-gardener's cart lumbering along over the paving-stones. Since midnight already carts such as these have been passing through the gates of the fortifications known to the Parisians as the *barrières*, each conveyance invariably directing its course toward the great central markets. The points of departure have necessarily been various: some may have come from Argenteuil, famed for its asparagus; some from Montrouge, celebrated for its mushrooms; others from Montreuil, renowned for its early peaches; and others, again, from Sceaux or Chatenay, whence the Parisians derive their winter salads; but with one and all the destination is the same. The semi-somnolent drivers walking at the horses' heads—with thick striped Limousine cloaks wrapped well around them, and not unfrequently with blackened clays between their teeth—pull up on reaching the market-place, and proceed at once to a little kiosk near at hand. Here for the sum of twopence they secure from some weazen-featured comptroller the right of depositing their loads upon one of the adjacent footways, for they belong to the category of market-men who are known in administrative parlance as "unsheltered hawkers." Some of them have contracts with the municipality to assist in carting away the mud and refuse which are collected every morning in the streets, and these at once proceed to get rid of their vegetables among the tribe of old truck-women, who are on the look-out for bargains at all hours of the day and night. There may be a little squabbling over the transaction, but as a rule it is speedily settled, and drivers and tumbrels then set off to accomplish their scavenger's job.

We note these little incidents at the corner of the Rue Montmartre, in full view of the Halles, which are brilliant with light and bustling with animation. Picture to yourself, in the midst of a vast oblong *place*, lined with unpretending houses, the shops of which, when not devoted to market trades, are occupied by dealers in wines and spirits, a dozen spacious pavilions collected in groups by means of covered ways, and provided with low brick walls, surmounted by iron frame-works fitted with panes of glass. The massive block-house of heavy stone-work—a true Bastile pantry—inaugurated by Louis Napoleon in 1851, was swept away several years ago, and the Crystal Palace is said to have furnished the idea for the present light and commodious structures, which are roofed in with a combination of glass and zinc, and provided with multitudinous gates formed of iron bars. These gates, and the numerous apertures above, favor the circulation of a constant current of fresh air through the pavilions composing this gigantic larder, which supplies not merely the fifty-five minor markets and the five-and-twenty thousand restaurants and eating-houses scattered through Paris, but also the myriads of provision shops of every category, whence those who dine at home more directly derive their food.

The morning is coming now with giant strides, and the animation of the scene is approaching its climax. Over the paving-stones thunder the heavy railway vans that bring the "tide"—the sole that you shall eat *au vin blanc* at your *déjeuner*, the turbot which will figure *à l'hollandaise* on the club *carte* at dinner this evening. The "tide" is punctual this morning. To-day, at all events, no modern Vatel will be dishonored, or need to run himself through, like the Prince de Condé's celebrated cook, when, as Madame De Sévigné tells in one of her most sprightly letters, the "tide" was not forth-coming, during the Grand Monarque's stay at Chantilly. But observe the crammed railway vans draw up in front of the pavilion. See how a hundred arms are stretched out to assist in removing the heavy baskets full of fish. The grated gates are thrown widely open by a score of subaltern functionaries. In the twinkling of an eye the fish is transferred into the market, and soon will be unpacked and laid out on large flat baskets, in which it will be offered for public auction. The noisy, animated scene offers a striking contrast to the aspect presented by the Halles in the days when Paris was blockaded, and when three little gold-fish or a solitary gudgeon from the Seine—the only specimens of the piscine species offered for auction—afforded the occasion of a lively competition. The sale does not ordinarily begin till six or seven in the morning, but we may now step down into the Halle cellars, where all the unsold edibles are stored; where all the fresh-water fish, coming not merely from the home rivers and lakes, but also from those of Holland, Prussia, Switzerland, and Italy, is preserved in grated tanks provided with running water; where poultry is killed, and live rabbits and ducks are kept, till wanted, in large wire cages; where butter, cheese, and eggs are piled up in so-called "pigeon-holes" that hold their tons, and placed as far as possible out of the reach of the giant rats who stalk abroad at dead of night.

From the fish market we may now stroll toward the pavilions where vegetables, fruit, and flowers are offered for sale. Here, also, carts are being emptied by Herculean "strong men," whose sleeveless doublets of coarse Utrecht velvet, and large-brimmed hats covered with Spanish white, keep their burdens well in position on their necks and shoulders, and allow their hands to remain free. There are seasons when all the wealth of the vegetable and floral world displays itself at the Paris Halles, when the eye lights on just such a chromatic scale as Zola has so picturesquely described in his *Ventre de Paris*. The palettes of Rubens, Titian, and Fortuny never glistened with brighter colors than those then shining here; dazed by which, one recalls the first Napoleon's trite axiom, that the Halles are the Louvre of the people. At the right moment you will find the whole length of the Rue des Halles littered with peas and beans, and the Rue Turbigo lined with countless baskets of strawberries and cherries, plums and peaches.

From the vegetables let us turn to the butter. In the cellars, which we visited not long ago, we may witness the curious operation of butter-blending. Varieties of butter, having been softened in warm water, are being kneaded together in certain proportions, like so much bread; and as this operation imparts a whitish tinge, an orange-colored dye, obtained from the seed of the *Bixa orellana*—the same substance as is used for dyeing nankeen—is employed, that the butter may re-assume an inviting golden hue. Frequently, however, the dye in question has been carefully prepared from carrots and marigolds. Particular as Paris is about its eating, it is worthy of note that butter which has not been tampered with is well-nigh unattainable there. *Chefs* and *restaurateurs* have raised the alarm in vain. The system of adulteration is apparently unchecked; and with such nicety are the operations effected that the ordinary palate can with difficulty detect the difference between the genuine product of Normandy or Brittany and the spurious *margarine*.

Though our time is limited, yet ere we go we may as well look in at Pavilion No. 12, where remnants of cooked food, from the tables of ambassadors and ministers, aristocrats and financial *parvenus*, hotels and restaurants, are being daintily arranged so as to appear as inviting as possible. These are the famous *arlequins* to which every writer on the Halles has alluded since the days of poor Privat D'Anglemont. Arranged with care on clean white plates, these morsels of butcher's-meat and poultry, flanked with vegetables, pastry, and sweetmeats, find numerous willing purchasers. Old ladies with pet dogs come here to purchase Médor's dinner, whilst misers and impoverished *rentiers* buy various "lots" for personal consumption. Here also old bread-crumbs and crusts are offered for sale, either in the shape of triangular *croûtons*, for use with soup and vegetables, or else as the "chippings" which Parisian butchers sprinkle over their meat.

A word concerning the administration of the Halles, which is entirely in the hands of the Prefecture of Police. Thirty thousand persons find employment here and in the other Paris markets, and over all of them the prefect exercises his authority. All the food inspectors and verifiers of weights and measures are under his control, and it is he who appoints the fifty-five titular salesmen, who serve as intermediaries between the producer and the retailer, their services being remunerated by a commission which ranges on the average from one to two and a half per cent. Naturally enough, the rent of the stalls, which goes partly to the city and partly to the support of the official staff, forms no inconsiderable amount at the close of the year; and a large sum is also derived from the tax on vehicles. Each night some 6000 conveyances, drawn by more or less sturdy specimens of our noblest conquest, congregate around the Halles, in addition to countless trucks drawn or pushed by men and women, each vehicle paying to the municipality a tax varying from two to four pence, whilst on baskets and bundles of all descriptions a uniform rate of two sous, or a penny, is levied. Directly they are emptied, the carts file off toward the Quays, the Corn Mart, the Boulevard Sevastopol, the Place du Châtelet, and the Hôtel de Ville, where they remain ranged in long lines until their drivers or owners have completed their business at the Halles, and are ready to jolt home again.

IS ALUM POISONOUS?

ITS USE IN BAKING POWDERS CONDEMNED BY DR. HALL'S "JOURNAL OF HEALTH."

Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health*, in a recent issue, says:

"This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. It has not been considered immediately dangerous; although, if continued, it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from baking powders which contained alum puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking powders.

"Under what conditions, then, does this substance—formerly used only for mechanical or medicinal purposes—become poisonous? They are certainly obscure, and at present we can only surmise what they may be. We suspect that the cause exists in the individual poisoned; some peculiarity of the constitution producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach, with which the alum combines, and forms an active poison; or the secretions may be healthy, but in unusual proportions, and that these less or greater proportions, in combination with the alum, constitute a poison.

"For example, two parts of mercury and two parts of chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous; but change the proportions to one part of mercury and two parts of chlorine, and we get corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison.

"Then, again, we know nothing of the causes of constitutional peculiarities. Why is it that one person can eat all kinds of green fruits and vegetables with impunity, while the same course might cost another individual his life? One person can handle poison-ivy and sumac without being in the least affected; another is poisoned if he approaches to within ten feet of them. Out of a family residing in a malarial district, some of its members will suffer half the year with fever and ague, while the others will enjoy excellent health during the entire year. Foods that are wholesome to some persons are actually poisonous to others. This is especially true of some kinds of fish. There is no safety in taking alum into the stomach, as it is shown to be always injurious, and often dangerous. Baking powders, properly compounded, and containing pure cream of tartar instead of alum, are more convenient than yeast, and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome and far more palatable. We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder, who commenced and are vigorously conducting this war against the use of alum in baking powders.

"Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition has not been over-estimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public.

"We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect.

"Will not some prominent manufacturer of pure Candies follow their example, and expose the secrets of a business that is doing untold mischief to little children?"

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It is generally admitted that there cannot be anything more exquisitely delicate for perfuming the handkerchief than Murray & Lanman's Florida Water; but its great and distinctive property is its adaptability to the uses of the bath. It is the only perfume that we know of *especially and particularly* suited to use in this way. The power it has of imparting to the waters of the bath great soothing, refreshing, and invigorating effects is peculiar to itself.—[*Com.*]

The United States Capitol at Washington, the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad of New York, and many of the largest and finest structures in this country are painted with H. W. Johns' Asbestos Liquid Paints, which are rapidly taking the place of all others for the better classes of dwellings, on account of their superior richness of color and durability, which render them the most beautiful as well as the most economical paints in the world. H. W. Johns M'f'g Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y., are the sole manufacturers.
—[*Com.*]

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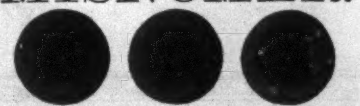

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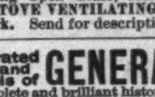

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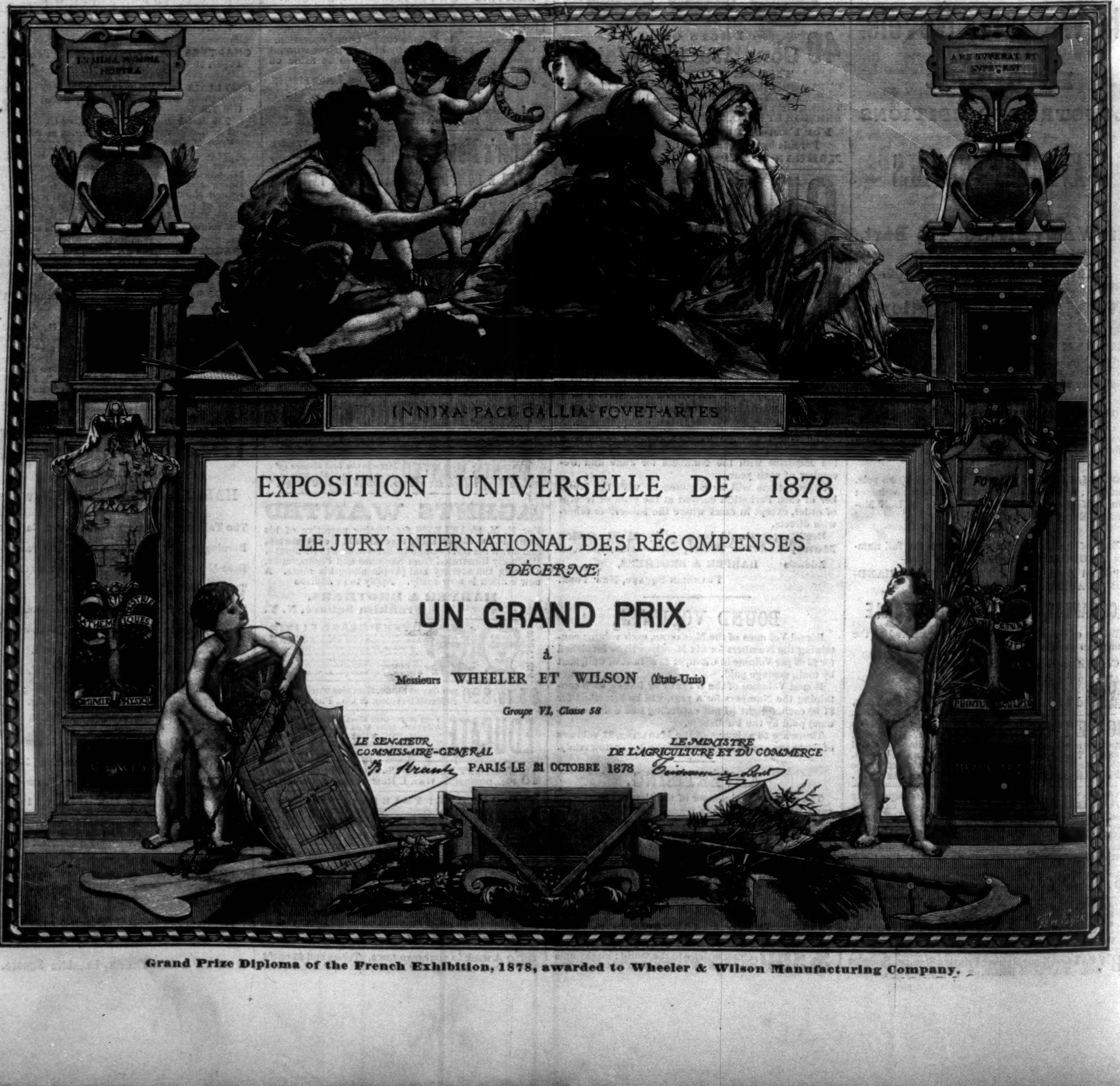

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TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

CENTRAL AMERICA is a land that presents many difficulties to a visitor, particularly if he penetrates to those portions of it where the recognized mode of travel is the one shown in our engraving. Awkward as they may appear, these are the conveyances in vogue throughout the central provinces. The natives are accustomed to such burdens, their fathers having carried them from time immemorial, and they swing merchandise and baggage upon their backs with a business-like air, accommodating the traveller himself with a curious covered chair, which is suspended between their shoulders.

In this portion of America the opening of roads into the interior is entirely given up to those who travel, and naturally they are a class who rarely waste time in making improvements. Even when they do so, it frequently happens that their work becomes destroyed months before another party of travellers pass that way, who in turn make only such repairs as are necessary for their own passage. Pedestrians may clamber over all obstacles, and the sturdy porter with his human burden gets along pretty well, but the ambitious explorer who insists upon making his way through the country on horseback has all kinds of difficulties to contend with. Woe be to him if he does not correctly estimate the height of projecting limbs, or the strength of the vines that hang in festoons across his path! Central American horses are devoid of bits, and given to pressing forward, regardless alike of projecting limbs and drooping vines which threaten to drag a luckless rider into the mud, or expose him to the fate of ABSALOM. Nor is the annoyance, to say nothing of the danger, of this kind of contact diminished by the fact that nearly every *bejuco*, or vine, is armed with prickles or thorns, which tear up the skin and inflict the most painful wounds. To avoid them the rider must drop on his horse's neck, dodge to his saddle-bow, or, if need be, throw himself to the ground. It would, indeed, be difficult to enumerate all the different varieties of spines and thorns which bristle on the strange plants of the awful forests that cover the hills of Central America. Some are straight, others hooked, round, flat, and angular, and of all sizes, from the proportions of an awl down to those of the smallest needle. The path, or rather the track, which the traveller is obliged to follow is often indistinct, and can be traced only with the greatest difficulty. Sometimes it is intercepted by the trunk of a colossal tree, which in falling has dragged down with it a mass of smaller trees and a heap of vines, effectually prohibiting passage. The sun streams down through the opening which the fallen monarch has left in the forest on a confused tangle of splintered trunks and withering verdure, which remains undisturbed until it has crumbled into dust before the rapid advances of tropical decay. Meanwhile the traveller who passes that way picks his path around the obstruction, leaving only an obscure trace of his passage, which in a few days becomes undistinguishable. Of course there are no bridges, and streams that can not be forded must be crossed by swimming, or on rafts, which every party of travellers must construct for themselves. If, as sometimes happens, the rivers are flooded, no resource is left but to encamp on their banks, and await quietly the fall of the waters.

Travel along the coast of Central America is about as objectionable as in the interior. The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea are exposed for six months of the year—from the autumnal to the vernal equinox—to violent storms, and are beset with dangers. Communication between the different points of the coast washed by these bodies of water is by no means frequent or regular. During the best season of the year it is hazardous in the extreme to coast along their shores, and the voyager in sailing from cape to cape and harbor to harbor has to pursue a cautious and circuitous course. The little boats used in this timorous navigation still bear the Indian name of *canoas*. They are seldom more than thirty or forty tons burden, rarely have decks, and are rigged in truly primitive style, with lateen-sails. On the rivers the *cayuco* is most in use. It is a kind of rude canoa, hollowed from a single log, and is more frequently propelled by poles and paddles than by sails. These frail vessels constitute nearly the entire domestic marine of the country, and notwithstanding the caution with which they are navigated, are far from safe. The natives never embark in them when the weather is threatening, and when surprised by a storm they fly from them like frightened sea-gulls, and

seek shelter in the mouth of some creek or river, or in some of the numerous little bays with which the shore is indented. In this hesitating and fragmentary way the traveller may proceed along the coast, but he will not find it an excursion of pleasure.

The five republics of Central America have not, indeed, much in the way of attraction to offer visitor or tourist. Those that make their way thither are apt to be men of business, interested in tropical products, such as dye-wood, in which the forests abound; ethnologists seeking here remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants, whose manners and customs civilization has not changed; or antiquarians studying the peculiar monuments of races that perished long before the vessels of COLUMBUS made their way to our continent. In certain districts of Central America are found some of the most remarkable antiquities that have ever been exhumed in what we in our puny enlightenment delight in calling the New World. Some of these ruins have a general correspondence with those in Mexico, but the temples, in particular, had many features peculiar to themselves. The artificial terraces or pyramidal elevations seem to have been usually less in size, but crowned with more extensive buildings, upon which aboriginal art exhausted its utmost capabilities. These structures were marked by broad stairways leading directly to their principal entrances. Upon some of these terraces a single building was erected, but upon the larger ones several, usually four, were arranged so as to form a court or area. They were massively built, the walls being in all cases of great thickness. The larger number were one story high, but there were many of two, and some of three or more stories. In these cases each successive story was usually smaller than that below it, giving the structure the appearance of a pyramid of several stages. The fronts of these buildings, though somewhat stuccoed, were usually of stone, and covered with elaborately carved figures and ornaments, many of them being without doubt symbolical. The interiors of some corresponded with the imposing character of their exteriors. They were divided into narrow corridors and dark chambers. These were arched, or rather the roofs were supported by overlapping courses of stone, which constituted a pointed arch corresponding in type to the earliest monuments of the Old World. The walls of these corridors were often stuccoed, and covered with paintings and figures in bass-relief. Within some of the chambers, as at Palenque, in Chiapas, Mexico, have been discovered tablets clearly of a mythological character, covered with elaborate and artistic sculptures and hieroglyphics. In those chambers are still found the remains of idols and altars and evidences of ancient sacrifices. In Honduras, at Copan, the remains of edifices are found corresponding exactly with the preceding description, but associated with grand monoliths intricately carved, and such as have been discovered nowhere else, except at Quirigua, in the vicinity of Copan, and on the islands of Lake Nicaragua. They seem to have been planted in the areas, perhaps also on the steps and summits, of the ancient structures. Whether designed as the statues of the gods of ancient worship, or to commemorate distinguished priests, warriors, and statesmen, can probably only be determined when the hieroglyphical inscriptions which some of them bear shall have been deciphered. To the monuments of Copan it is safe to assign a greater antiquity than to any others in Central America which have yet been discovered, excepting, perhaps, the rude works of earth and uncut stone which also exist there, and which seem to have been the early types after which, as civilization and the arts advanced, the more imposing monuments were modelled. It is certain that Copan was a ruin, concerning which only the vaguest traditions existed, at the time of the Spanish conquest. One pyramidal structure which remains has an elevation of 150 feet, measured along its slope, and appears to have been a principal temple, included with several smaller structures within a sacred inclosure, after the manner of the temples of ancient Egypt. On its walls are many skulls of a quadrumanous animal, well executed in high relief. A large figure of a baboon was also discovered among the ruins, bearing no little resemblance to the cynocephalus of the Egyptians. The similarity of the ruins at Copan and Palenque, and the identity of the hieroglyphic tablets in both, show that the former inhabitants of Chiapas and Honduras had the same written language, though the present Indians of these provinces do not understand each other.

Of the inhabitants of Central America, which consist of whites and creoles, mestizos, or the offspring of whites and Indians, and the aboriginal natives, the latter, in spite of their degeneracy, are by far the most interesting. Everywhere the opinion seems to be general that the intellectual faculties of the Indians of our days, whose ancestors raised the monuments of Palenque, Uxmal, and Copan, are inferior to those of the negro. But who would recognize in the fellahs of modern Egypt the descendants of the people who have transmitted to our day many of the leading elements of our civilization, and have left the Pyramids as the imperishable witnesses of their power, or in the barbarous and crafty Moors of Morocco the offspring of the brilliant Arabs who introduced chivalry into Europe? Certainly the education of a Central American Indian of to-day does not tend either toward architecture or any civilized art. Such as it is, however, it begins early. When ten or twelve years of age a machete is put in his hands, and a load proportioned to his years upon his shoulders, and he is made to accompany his father in his excursions and labors. He is taught to find his way in the most obscure forests by means of the slightest indications. His ear is practiced in quickly detecting the approach of wild animals and his eye in discovering the venomous reptiles that may lie in his path. He is taught to distinguish the vines the juices of which have the power of stupefying fishes so that they may be caught by hand, as also those which are useful for their flexibility or for furnishing water to the wayfarer. He soon learns to recognize the *leche Maria*, the precious balm with which he may heal his wounds, and the guaco, which neutralizes the venom of serpents. He finds out the dells where the cacao flourishes, and the eminences where the bees go to deposit their honey in the hollow trunks of decaying trees. He learns or is taught all these things early, and then his education is complete. When he reaches the age of sixteen or seventeen years he clears a little spot of ground in the forest with the aid of fire and his machete. He plants it with maize, builds a little hut in the corner, and then brings to it a companion, most likely the one who was affianced to him in his earliest infancy. Without doubt he has some regard to the age and attractions of his female companion, but his marriage, if the union may be so called, is based on none of the tender sentiments and mutual appreciation which lie at the foundation of such arrangements in civilized society.

At the present moment attention is turned toward Central America on account of the projected Nicaragua Canal, a scheme which is now advanced under such auspices as lead to the conclusion that there will certainly be a practical result. The idea of an artificial water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is almost as old as the discovery of the continent which divides them. COLUMBUS wore out the last days of his checkered life in searching for a natural passage, and the vastness and sublimity of the enterprise suited the daring imagination of the early Spaniards.

From the formation of the continent, and the falling off in height of the range of the Andes, it has ever since engaged the attention of reflecting men. Even during the death-like sleep of Spanish dominion a survey was made under the direction of the Captain-General; but the documents remained buried in the archives of Guatemala until the emancipation of the colonies, when they were procured and published by Mr. THOMSON, who visited that country under a commission from the British government.

In 1825 an envoy extraordinary from the new republic of Central America called to it the special attention of our government, requesting our co-operation in preference to that of any other nation, and proposed, by means of a treaty, "effectually to secure its advantages to the two nations." This scheme, although it had the names of DE WITT CLINTON and many other distinguished men connected with it, fell through. In 1830 the government of Central America made another contract with a society of the Netherlands, under the special patronage of the King of Holland, who embarked in it a large amount of his private fortune; but owing to the difficulties between Holland and Belgium, and the separation of the two countries, this also fell through.

In 1835 a resolution was passed by the Senate requesting the President to consider the expediency of opening negotiations with other governments in regard to the opening of a canal. Under this resolution a special agent was appointed by General JACKSON, who was instructed to proceed without delay by the most direct route to Port San Juan, ascend the river San Juan to the Lake of Nicaragua, and thence by the contemplated route of communication, by canal or railroad, to the Pacific Ocean. Unfortunately, from the difficulty of procuring a conveyance to the river San Juan, the agent went to Panama first, from adverse circumstances never reached Nicaragua, and died, on his return to this country, before he reached Washington; but from his imperfect report it appeared to be the result of his observations that a ship-canal was not practicable across the Isthmus of Panama. It was therefore valuable as turning attention (which was before divided between the two routes) exclusively to that by the Lake of Nicaragua.

The two great continents of North and South America are now divided at this point by the waters of the lake and the tiny river San Juan. The Lake of Nicaragua is ninety-five miles long, in its broadest part about thirty miles wide, and, according to Mr. BAILEY's soundings, fifteen fathoms in depth. The length of the river, by measurement, with all its windings, from the mouth of the lake to the sea, is seventy-nine miles. There are no cataracts or falls; all the obstructions are from rapids, and it is at all times navigable, both up and down, for piraguas drawing from three to four feet of water.

From the lake to the river of Los Savalos, about eighteen miles, the depth is from two to four fathoms. Here commence the rapids of Toros, which extend one mile, with water from one and a half to two fathoms. The river is then clear for four miles, with an average depth of from two to four fathoms. Then come the rapids of the Old Castle, but little more than half a mile in extent, with water from two to four fathoms. The river is clear again for about two miles, with water from two and a half to five fathoms, where begin the rapids of Mico and Las Balas, connected and running into each other, and both together not more than a mile, with water from one to three fathoms. Then the river is clear one mile and a half, to the rapids of Machuca, which extend a mile, and are the worst of all, the water being more broken, from running over a broken rocky bottom. The river then runs clear and without any obstruction for ten miles, with water from two to seven fathoms, to the river San Carlos, and then eleven miles, with some islands interspersed, with water from one to six fathoms, to the river Serapequea, the measurements of one fathom being about the points or bends, where there is an accumulation of sand and mud. It then continues seven miles clear, with water from two to five fathoms, to the Rio Colorado. The river Colorado runs *out of* the San Juan in another direction into the Atlantic. The loss to the latter, according to measurement taken in the month of May, 1839, was 28,178 cubic yards of water per minute, and in the month of July of the same year, during the rising of the waters, it was 85,840 yards per minute, which immense body might be saved to the San Juan by damming up the mouth of the river Colorado. From this point there are thirteen miles, with soundings of from three to eight fathoms. The bottom is of sand and mud, and there are many small islands and aggregations of sand without trees, very easily cleared away. The last thirteen miles might be reduced to ten by restoring the river to its old channel, which has been filled up by collections, at points, of drifted matter.

In a former article we have described the measures taken to improve the navigation of the river San Juan, as a preliminary step toward the great ship-canal of the future, which is destined to unite the waters of the Gulf with those of the Pacific.

GOLDEN-ROD:

An Idyl of Mount Desert.

CHAPTER III.

THE day before the eve of our great national holiday, when all New York lay simmering with heat and patriotic zeal, ready to boil over on the glorious Fourth, saw the Thornton family upon the steps of their home on one of the avenues, delivering the keys of the house into custody of the melancholy female in a crushed bonnet, whose sad lot it was to remain during the next three months entombed in an atmosphere of brown holland, tête-à-tête with household gods swathed in white or shrouded with mosquito gauze.

The children, from the front seat of the carriage, behind a breastwork of rugs, bags, and umbrellas, vociferously condoled with that dejected personage, who stood courtesying within the vestibule. Their elders—Mr. Thornton in a cab, intending to pick up Erskine at his club, who got in after a parting look at the mountain of luggage completely obscuring from view both horses and driver of the express wagon—were themselves pervaded with a sense of benevolent pity for all stay-at-homes of whatever estate in life.

As they drove down Broadway, after a halt for fruit and cigars, the great business world was palpitating through its daily task at the mercy of a withering sun. From Grace Church to Rector Street, where the carriage turned from the whirl of Broadway into a region tinctured with the old-time dignity lingering upon the flanks of Trinity Church, they met a continuous line of vehicles so apparently tangled in wild confusion that the chief dangers of the route seemed to attend our travellers at the outset.

Beside the pier where they finally drew up a large coasting steamer, just about to sail, awaited them.

"Here we are," said the Counsellor, radiantly. "All aboard, if you please, ladies and gentlemen. Until we reach Boston, at least, there will be room enough in the world for my restless young family."

The gloomy wharf over which their procession passed presented an appearance very unlike those most known to New York voyagers, where several times a week gay birds of passage flutter, to be wafted on their ocean voyages with flowers and waving handkerchiefs: it was encumbered with huge trucks loading and unloading freight.

The large dimensions of the steamer afforded no small consolation to the depressed matron of the party, when she presently found herself politely assisted up what seemed Jacob's own ladder hanging in mid-heaven, and when her Blessed Baby had been safely hoisted after her. Across a broad clean after-deck, through the cabin, where tea was in readiness, they were conducted to spacious and airy state-rooms. Nothing was lacking for comfort. These favored mortals were guests of the line—the only passengers—and, through the courtesy of the owners, monarchs of all they surveyed for the next twenty-eight or thirty hours.

As they unpacked and disposed of their traps, the ship parted company with her berth, and noiselessly glided out into the river. The absence of all the customary bustle at such a moment was curious enough. Hardly a sound broke the silence from either the steamer or the wharf. It was like embarking in a phantom ship, and "quite deliciously mysterious," as Amy North observed.

Rounding the Battery, New York, with all her sins and excited thermometers, lay behind them, her towers and spires piercing through golden mist, her shipping alive with the commerce of the world. Under the wonderful arch of the Brooklyn Bridge they slid like a snake, and thence fresh winds, sighed for in vain during the sultry days just gone, wafted them on their way. Into the troubled waters of Hell Gate, now lulled to repose by a spell more enduring than that which controlled the raging Kuhleborn, leaving behind those beautiful islands condemned to the mournful uses of mad-houses, hospitals, reformatories, and prison cells; along the emerald shores of Astoria, and so close to the fringe of salt-meadow encircling the old Morrisania mansion that they seemed to be heading straight into the rose-wreathed pillars of its ancient porch; past Port Morris, and over the spot where the British troop ship went down, with her store of gold sent out to pay the redcoats in the Revolutionary war. And thus gliding on, over water so still and shining that sea and sky seemed blended into one, and inhaling soft land-breezes, fraught with new-mown hay, that touched the brow with a thrilling caress, they heard the sunset gun boom from Fort Schuyler, and watched the evening-star trembling into light.

The little ones, who had romped over the deck, sniffing the pure sea-breeze, until already a redder tinge had come into their cheeks, retired to rest, with cheerful unconcern of their surroundings. A double berth received the two youngest, dexterously imbedded at either end, like apples in a dumpling. No apparition of the terrors of Point Judith assailed them, as through the long bright summer night the steamer ploughed peacefully over the smooth waters of the Sound. Not so fared Mrs. Thornton, who, having announced that she should be sick whilst skirting that "still-vex'd Bermoothes," had made up her mind to fulfill the prophecy at any cost, and was naturally indignant when not the least excuse offered for doing so. Amy declared of her that she was like the old lady of blessed memory who always slept with an umbrella and goloshes, to be ready for every emergency. So she braced herself for the tribulation that ought to have come, and about four o'clock in the morning arose resolutely, made her toilet with unshrinking hand, and went out on deck to battle with the foe. Boisterous Point Judith was asleep and peaceable enough, but the witchery of the scene, reluctantly abandoned late the night before, was gone. The deck was saturated by a sudden fog, shutting out all about them, save the long billows softly powdered with yeasty foam from the ship's sides. Everything was woe-begone. An occasional sailor gave the only evidence of life, and he slunk by her, dripping. Moisture exuded from every pore of the ship—the rigging streamed with it—and comfort was nowhere to be found. In the desolation of that direful moment a qualm of seasickness would have been almost a relief. But no: nothing suggested itself but a feeling of general forlornness, induced by the hour and the outlook. It was not until the benevolent steward, observing this solitary waif on deck, had brought a cup of tea and a ship-biscuit that Mrs. Thornton's spirits rose to a level the plummet could fathom. She needed them all to meet the merciless banter that awaited her at her husband's hands.

When breakfast was ready, the rest of the party appeared, looking generally bright and hearty. They sat around the captain's table, on high stools, like school-boys *en penitence*; and then it was that Blessed Baby revelled in unwonted dishes, bolting, Amy asserted, a "plumbiferous doughnut" and a pickled cucumber, as the polite steward, according him a dignity hitherto unattained, deferentially handed everything in turn.

The officers of the ship, clustered around the lower end of the table, formed a characteristic group. Distinctively American in feature, they sat in serious, almost melancholy, silence, eagerly discussing a variety of dishes. The captain—a gruff, hearty man, bearded like a pard—was scarcely seen in the cabin during the voyage, but addicted himself to the pilot-house, with a watchful devotion to duty as a navigator, which explained the fact that, amid the many dangers of fogs and shoals, there has been for eight years not one accident to a ship of this line. "Never see the captain down below when there's a fog like this," remarked one of the officers—an announcement as cheering as anything could be in a "fog like this."

Dreary enough is this phase of coast voyaging, and against it one may never be altogether secure.

When Point Judith was left behind, and the ship had sailed into Vineyard Sound, the gray curtain hung heavy around them, and the hoarse, discordant whistle kept calling, to be answered by whistle or bell from shore or light-ship, or by the whistle of a steamer or the horn of a sailing vessel, near by but invisible. The sun struggled sharply with the fog, and from time to time conquered it, the envious drapery lifting for an instant to reveal picturesque glimpses of the mainland, or of the camp-meeting grounds at Martha's Vineyard, where the white roofs rising amid foliage, and the green waters of a little bay dancing in the sunlight, fairly dazzled the eyes with brightness. At such a moment the fog melted away as if by magic; the constant vigil of the look-out in the bows was relaxed; the raucous whistle of the steam-pipe ceased; the decks were dried by sparkling sunshine; a fresh breeze enlivened everything; the order was given to go ahead, and the ship fairly sprung forward in a merry race with the crested billows. Our party, gathered under an awning on deck, felt the general exultation. The Counsellor rebounded from the pressure of feminine reproaches heaped upon him during the fog, because, forsooth, he had decoyed his family into *cette galère*. He took heart of grace now, and waxed facetious, aiming witticisms at his tormentor, who somewhat reluctantly consented to smile once more. Amy and Erskine walked vigorously up and down the decks. The children, happy beings, had rioted madly all day—into the rigging, on top of the awning, everywhere—had romped with their father, their aunty, and Erskine, and had made to the steward and the two black cooks frequent visits, generally resulting in pockets stuffed with edibles. Even the Blessed Baby, emulating his predecessors, toddled off on excursions of his own devising, and parleyed with the smiling darkies, who leaned out of the galley windows, affecting an inability to interpret the assiduous repetition of "Cookey, cakey," pronounced in every accent from entreaty to command. Their maid had quite as much exercise in that one day as was good for her, following the vagaries and suppressing the dangerous freaks of her youthful charges.

The only officer to be seen on the after-deck was the chief engineer, who, like a whale coming to the surface for an occasional breath of air, ascended now and then from cavernous depths, where, as the children were told by Erskine, he had charge of a mighty monster, who, attended by half a dozen slaves to feed her on live coals, lay chained at the bottom of the ship. A zealous politician was the chief, and great solace he found in fighting over again with the Counsellor the battles of the few months preceding March, 1877. With an entire devotion to his leader, and a se-

rious scorn of the "man in the White House," he asked after the health of "his Excellency, the President, who lives in Gramercy Park." Something of a *littérateur* withal he was; and Mrs. Thornton's hopeless application for a book, during the reign of the fog, elicited quite a library from the upper berth of his state-room—odd volumes of Shakspeare, Byron, Tyndall, Draper's *Conflict of Religion and Science*, Dickens, and Lever.

"We haven't got rid of that pest yet," said the chief, at a moment of general rejoicing over the sun; "unless the wind changes, it will be down on us again. Look at that fog-bank over there."

To the eastward the white column was indeed drawing near again, and there a beautiful spectacle presented itself of a ship's tops shining in the sun while all the rest was veiled in low-lying mist. The fog settled again, thicker than before, the engine slowed, and the captain announced he should go no further. "You will spend your Fourth on board," he remarked, with grim pleasantry—a prospect rather refreshing than otherwise to passengers flying from the exuberant patriotism of a great city, though, it must be confessed, the surroundings of that narrow and often crowded channel in Nantucket Shoals were not the most desirable for a protracted sojourn in a fog. The deafening and incessant steampipe overhead, and warning notes from light-ships, now made the situation more weird and grewsome than before. They seemed to be removed apart from the rest of the universe, to be hovering in a new world of nebulæ, through which nothing but sound could come ever to them. But that coquettish curtain arose again presently, and again the ship gave one of her glad bounds forward. Only for a moment: down it fell once more; and a heedless schooner, sheering off and shooting aside just then, as she came unheralded out of the fog-bank full upon the bows of their steamer, gave them a thrill, with sense of great danger escaped.

"We have to do the looking out for these schooners," said one of the mates; "and when they don't blow their horns, and by their own fault run into us, we are called on to pay damages all the same."

The last of the line of light-ships in Nantucket Shoals marks the end of the narrow channel, through which mariners steer cautiously, until deep water and the broad swell of the Atlantic invite them to sail on fearlessly and fast. These light-ships, fully manned, and anchored from point to point, provide various signals of warning by whistle or bell so different that no one can be mistaken for the other. In the great gales of winter they sometimes break from their moorings, and go cruising down the coast, before making head against the storm.

The last of these light-ships, *Polycripp* by name, announced herself to our travellers by a sound issuing from the encompassing "pillar of cloud" so inexpressibly mournful and harrowing to the susceptible spirit, that the children, struck with mortal fear, rushed precipitately to the shelter of parental arms, and hid their heads, crying, "Oh, papa! suppose it should be the sea-serpent!" "The Sea-Serpent" *Polycripp* was forthwith dubbed, and no persuasions could induce one of the youngsters to desert his rock of safety until quite out of hearing of that awful wailing sound. All that could be seen of him, not scarlet legs or a very brief kilt petticoat, was a mass of golden curls blown across a rosy cheek and over the neck where his sturdy arms were tightly locked.

In memory of *Polycripp*, Erskine made a sketch in water-colors of the sea-serpent, fearfully and wonderfully imagined, riding at ease upon gigantic billows, and breathing on a bar of music the notes of his horrible chant. The small voyager was thenceforth fully persuaded that with his own eyes he actually saw the original of the picture, and it had for him ever after a baleful fascination.

"The wind is veering, we are through the Shoals, and you are out of jail now," was the captain's cheerful announcement, as at last he came below to take a mouthful of dinner long deferred.

"O blessed west wind, that springs up to banish our foe!" cried Amy. "O stern and rockbound coast of Massachusetts!" ("which is here all a level beach of fine sand," interpolated her brother-in-law), "how beautiful you look, with the last wreath of mist vanishing under a glorious afternoon sun!" And now picture them, ye sweltering denizens of the work-a-day world, to whom also this delight is possible. They are sitting, a happy group, on the broad deck, wrapped in plaids—the breeze is stiff and cool from the wide Atlantic. The good ship, released from her curb, fairly bounds forward like a thorough-bred steed. The white surface of the sea breaks up in crests of foam. Sails are set, and wind and steam speed them swiftly toward the beacon held out on the crooked finger of Cape Cod. And ever and again, mingled with the pure smell of the salt waves, comes a whiff from the shore, scented with the freshly cut grass: all New England is making hay to-day.

And thus it is through all the lovely afternoon, and until evening closes in, when the little ones fall asleep the moment their tired, busy heads touch the pillow—no cradle-song required save the constant lapping of the sea against the flanks of the ship. In the waning sunlight they had looked better, brighter, stronger, than for weeks before. They had eaten as voraciously as young birds. Their faces had grown brown as berries, and their spirits were exhausting.

Those left on deck experienced now an hour—was it? or two, or three?—altogether delightful, and worth all the anxiety aroused by all the fogs that could have gone before. Leaving Cape Cod behind, they swiftly crossed the dancing waters of Massachusetts Bay, allured by the at first distant speck of brightness from Boston Light, that deepened and broadened into a pathway of glory leading them into the harbor. Our travellers paced the deck as tireless as the two mute shapes on the forward watch who crossed and recrossed continually from starboard to port, from port to starboard—the only other moving things visible under the black silhouette of the rigging against the starry sky. Grace seized her husband's arm, and bore him away in triumph. Sometimes they dreamily lingered in the stern of the vessel, watching her track in the phosphorescent waves; then they were seized with a fit of diligent pedestrianism, stirring all the blood within their veins; then they relapsed again, and, like Mr. Wegg, "dropped into poetry," in a friendly way. They were surprised at their own eloquence, so many similes, poetical situations, and flowers of fancy came to the lips. It was really a tourney of lofty sentiment; and when the moon showed forth, and the harbor lights began to gather, as they threaded their way past one after another anchored and motionless vessel, and the faraway gleams from the shore increased in number, Grace heaved a sigh born of regret. "We are almost in. This has been too lovely for anything. But there is one great mistake: it ought to have been a honey-moon," she whispered, clinging to her husband's arm. "You are just ten years too late with your suggestion," she was answered, politely; "but I'll remember it next time, darling."

The spell was broken. Not all the charms of sea and sky, not even the elevating reflection that they had now reached the very Hub of the Universe, could keep her on deck after that. She was "awfully sleepy;" had "been so for a long, long time;" wondered "why Amy had taken herself away with Mr. Erskine, when it was so much more jolly all together;" and "must and would go in."

Perhaps, if you had questioned Erskine, he would have avowed a decided preference for being left to himself, to indulge the haunting memories he loved to conjure up. But a man would have been a churl to resist the bright and hearty, almost boyish, *camaraderie* of Amy North, who was a desperate walker, and had not an ounce of superfluous sentiment in her composition. Erskine found himself happily exercised out of his melancholy, and also out of breath, when Miss North reluctantly followed her sister into the cabin.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY had resolved to remain on board rather than disturb the happy little dreamers in the nursery state-room. It was midnight when the good ship touched her Boston dock, and a sound night's rest brought Grace to five o'clock in the morning of the Fourth of July, when she awoke to listen to a monotonous voice counting out thousands of Long Island cabbages, consigned, as part of the ship's cargo, by New York to æsthetic Boston folks.

Unable to sleep, she, with the eldest of her lads, reflecting that years might probably elapse before another opportunity to view the habitable globe at that hour should occur, determined to make the most of her impressions. They got ashore from a slippery rope-ladder by the aid of a kindly boatswain, and wandered around the docks and adjacent streets—all very unlike New York. There was no commotion or crowd; there were many queer old buildings, some of them with walls slated downward, and steep wooden roofs. Everything was clean and practicable for a lady's feet, and a general air of antique respectability pervaded the quarter. A strong flavor of salt characterized the whole neighborhood. Everything was of the sea, or for the use of men that go down to it in ships. The docks themselves, the outgoing and incoming ships, had an endless charm for the little lad. He speculated upon the ports whither these vessels would sail, with a fatal precision in geography, latitude and longitude, exports and imports, that put his mother's rustier memory to the blush.

"Mamma, I can't exactly remember what countries the Lesser Antilles belong to; can you?" he said, musingly, when, to her great relief, his attention became suddenly distracted to the stand of a cherry-woman close by, who dealt also in gingerbread and torpedoes.

Torpedoes! This brought her back to the fact of the Fourth of July, and aroused in her a desire to get out of the Cradle of Liberty as rapidly as possible.

"We will go to the Parker House for breakfast, Frank," she said, returning to arouse the occupant of state-room No. ——. "Then we can take our time about going aboard the other ship."

"The fact is," said guilty Frank, who had gone to sleep in full consciousness of his blunder, "there's no other ship; at least, she does not sail till to-morrow afternoon. I ought to have found that out before, but I didn't. I'm awfully sorry, Grace, indeed."

"And my poor sick children are to spend a day—no, two days and a night—at a hot hotel in town!" Mrs. Thornton said, with awful calm. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it were to kill the Baby, Frank. Poor little drooping thing!"

At this moment arose from the adjoining stateroom a joyful uproar. A contraband load of torpedoes had been introduced to the awakening cherubs by their older brother, and despite the remonstrances of nurse, all three of them were engaged in wildly hurling the offensive missiles wherever they would strike. Loudest among the war-cries of these night-gowned conspirators arose the delighted squeal of Baby.

"We will take train to Portland," the Counsellor said, taking advantage of a reluctant smile.

"Oh, very well," said his wife, with a resigned look. "Only, if we had known it in time, we might have stopped over with the Rutledges in Brookline—a visit I have so long promised to make."

"Yes, and have given their new baby the whooping-cough—that dreadful malady now preying upon our enfeebled ranks."

They had left the good ship ere long, and were off to the Eastern Railway station, where jostling, perspiring throngs of eager holiday folk, already pouring into every train, made them think tenderly of the quiet scenes of yesterday. Securing seats in a car, they checked their many trunks, their baby carriage, and their tubs, disposed of their numerous parcels in the racks, and instantly all that was picturesque or high-flown in their journeys had departed. The Blessed Baby, from a winsome brown-eyed kelpie, sporting over the decks, became a mere mortal infant, howling even at that early hour of the day, oppressed with heat and weariness. The golden-haired traveller, aged four and a half, who had bewitched their admiring eyes all day long at sea with his bright looks and countless vagaries, visited the company with a public outburst of whooping-cough, and went black in the face, scattering all their fellow-voyagers from the adjacent seats. Thornton and Erskine retired into another car, with a feeble attempt to look as if they had nothing at all to do with the temporary centre of universal interest.

Many a book has been condemned as a consequence of sleepless nights, shooting corns, or indigestion befalling the reviewer. More than one traveller has set the broad seal of general condemnation on the town where he has been ill lodged, ill fed, or ill attended, without regard to its actual merit. A sense of justice, therefore, blots forever from this page the beautiful city of Portland, whose commanding position, stately homes, and wide elm-arched streets deserve more than our travellers, groaning under the recollection of their stop at a great, pretentious, badly kept hotel, are willing to concede in praise.

"Impossible to stay here twenty hours more to meet the *Lewiston*," the Counsellor said, woebegone.

"Let us go—anyhow, anywhere," Grace and Amy said, imploringly; and they boarded a midday train for Rockland.

A good-natured jog-trot old train it proved to be, that began by waiting in the hot station until, like an ogre, it had positively gorged itself with babies; then, after running a little way, stopped so long (without any visible reason) that the Counsellor and Erskine got out and wiled away the time by gathering huge bunches of daisies, at which the town-bred children clapped their hands with delight, as every straw hat in the party was speedily enriched with a wreath. In and out of their car passed hard-featured, shuffling, brownfaced men and women, recognizing each other with demure cordiality, and sitting down to talk over the events that dot the shepherd's calendar, in a kind of nasal monotone rather soothing to the ear. The ladies found themselves deeply interested in the fate of "Sarah Jane's speckled hen," which "might 'a sot and sot till she'd 'a tuk root, and never would 'a hatched;" while the Counsellor renounced a newspaper, and gave his whole mind to a discussion of doctrines between two long-haired deacons on the seat behind him—all about infant damnation and orthodoxy in general. The car was furthermore illumined by the presence in the flesh of no less a personage than Mrs. Gamp—a native of Maine, off duty, and on pleasure bent, so voluble in her confidences to all in ear-shot that none could remain in ignorance of her affairs, or escape the information that her occupation was plied at the Hub, "because in Boston I can make more money than here, with half the work." Mrs. Gamp wore a bonnet and carried a bandbox of the size and style our grandmothers kept on remote shelves, embalmed with sprigs of lavender; an umbrella, of course. Not more than half a dozen teeth remained to her, and the locality of each of those was continually revealed by a smile bestowed impartially on friends and strangers. She was a constant patron to the boy who peddled lozenges, figs, and prize candy. She imbibed oranges until the odor filled the air. She had a gossip on the seat before her—("Perhaps, oh! perhaps it is the veritable Mrs. Harris!" whispered Amy.)—to receive confidences of joys and sorrows in a ceaseless stream. Her greatest object of pride in life seemed to be a certain "Marier," of whom it was proudly remarked "she kep' two girls." The exact progress of the invalid she had last attended was narrated with scientific precision; and her harangues went on amplifying until everybody's attention was monopolized. At one period her roving eye fell upon the Blessed Baby, whose healthy sleep on a couch of shawls, one dimpled fist near his rosy cheek, was occasionally interrupted by a cough. "I kinder mistrust that whooping-cough in a teethin' child," she remarked, cheerfully. "Ef it don't kill 'em outright, it generally goes to the brain, they say, and makes 'em weak like. Did I ever tell you the time Marier had with her young un in the whooping-cough? It jest wasted and wasted—" But at this point the mother of the Baby could bear no more, and moved to the end of the car furthest from Mrs. Gamp, whom she now knew to be a vampire.

The country they were passing through was full of quiet rural beauties, its green hill-sides covered with hay-cocks, and cows everywhere sought the shade of trees that hung their branches low over placid streams. The railway skirts the coast, and comes suddenly upon many a picturesque little village, where the deep waters lie locked in the hills. One looks in astonishment at the tall masts of vessels arising amid trees, where they have found safe harbor. "The ship-building industries seem to be looking up," said the Counsellor. "During the war these fellows, finding their occupation gone, took the field, away down in far Virginia, and made some of the best soldiers the North brought forth. See, Grace, the vertebræ of all these vessels stretched upon the stocks.

"'Ere long will we launch
A vessel as goodly and strong and staunch
As ever weathered a wintry sea....
Timber of chestnut and elm and oak,
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine,
Here together shall combine.'"

At Bath their train, reduced by this time to two cars, was taken upon a boat, and ferried across the Kennebec—a noble river, fed by Moosehead Lake.

The spirits of the party began to rise, as they stood upon the rear platform of the car, and filled their lungs with fresh, exhilarating air.

When Rockland was reached, and their hearts made glad by a hotel with clean beds, clean table-cloths, and a palatable bill of fare, the tired children were left to rest, and our travellers strolled down after supper to the wharf, and stood there gazing out upon the broad expanse of the Penobscot Bay, across which, on the morrow, they were to set sail in quest of the enchanted isle of Mount Desert.

Erskine withdrew himself from the others, and climbed out upon a projection from the pier. Amy, Grace, and the Counsellor left him sitting there, and went off to explore the village. In one green yard, where they were tempted to pause and look, a young woman was raking new-mown hay, occasionally tossing it over a little child, and the house wall behind her was covered with a vine of sweet old-fashioned white roses. Grace begged for a rose, and the young woman, with a smile, broke off a generous cluster, and gave it to the little child, who trotted to the palings, and laid it in her hand.

The sun was setting; a church bell rang for evening prayers. Erskine's unsatisfied spirit experienced a strange peace. The journey hither, in company with these kind and cheerful people, these joyous little children, had been just what he required. For Amy he had conceived a very sincere regard. She made no exactions of him, or of any man. Fun, enterprise, excitement, were the breath of her nostrils. Her assumption of little mannish ways amused Erskine, where a demand for compliment would have bored him utterly. Altogether he felt better and more hopeful than he had done for months.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY THE STREAM.

SWEET is the babbling water
Under my feet;
And dark are the boughs, and darker
Where shadows meet.
The birds in the shade are singing
As sang they in spring;
Their flight in rapture winging
While glad notes ring.

Brooklet and brown sweet water
Laughing in play;
Leaflets o'er leaflets hanging
Sunbeams that stray;
Flower-bells on moss that sparkle
Sweet as the spray;
Rocks where the waters darkle,
Eddy, and play.

What need the green trees waving,
Shadowy sweet;
What need the waters laving
Rocks at my feet;
What need the birds' sweet singing,
Note upon note;
What need the echoes thrilling,
Far as they float?

Only a kindred echo,
Sweeter than they;
Only a voice to answer
My voice to-day;
Only the eyes of a lover
To gaze in mine,
Here where the shadows hover,
In shade divine.

Think it is spring-time, dearest,
Just once again;
Think I am still the nearest
Your heart in name;
Think we are still together
As we have been,
And this is not autumn weather,
And I—your queen.

INDIAN SNAKE STORIES.

I WAS a passenger on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Medina*, one among several young fellows who had started in various capacities on our "trial trip" to India. We had encountered some rather rough weather after quitting the Red Sea, but that was all over; we had had favoring gales for several days, and were now within twenty-four hours or so of Bombay. Our promised land was almost in view; we were full of its many and varied attractions; all the dark colors had vanished from our picture, and our imaginations were kindled by the recollection of all we had read and heard; and we longed to realize for ourselves the new and strange experiences which we hoped were in store for us. India and Indian matters were now the staple topics of conversation; those going out for the first time were eagerly seeking information on many points from the "old stagers" among their fellow-passengers; and some of these worthies were a little inclined to improve the opportunity, and treat the "griffins"—as the new-comers are usually called—to not a few travellers' tales. For my own part, I had made several good friends among the old Anglo-Indians on board, had learned much from them of practical importance to myself, and had listened to many a capital anecdote on matters relating to social life, and to hunting and travelling experiences.

It was our last evening but one in the *Medina*, and a group of us were sitting on deck after dinner, enjoying the pleasant light breeze that was blowing, chatting over the various incidents of the voyage, and discussing the probabilities and possibilities that awaited some among us in our new home. Elephant-hunting and tiger-shooting were passed in review, and some anecdotes of rather a thrilling nature were related.

"The big game are getting very much shot